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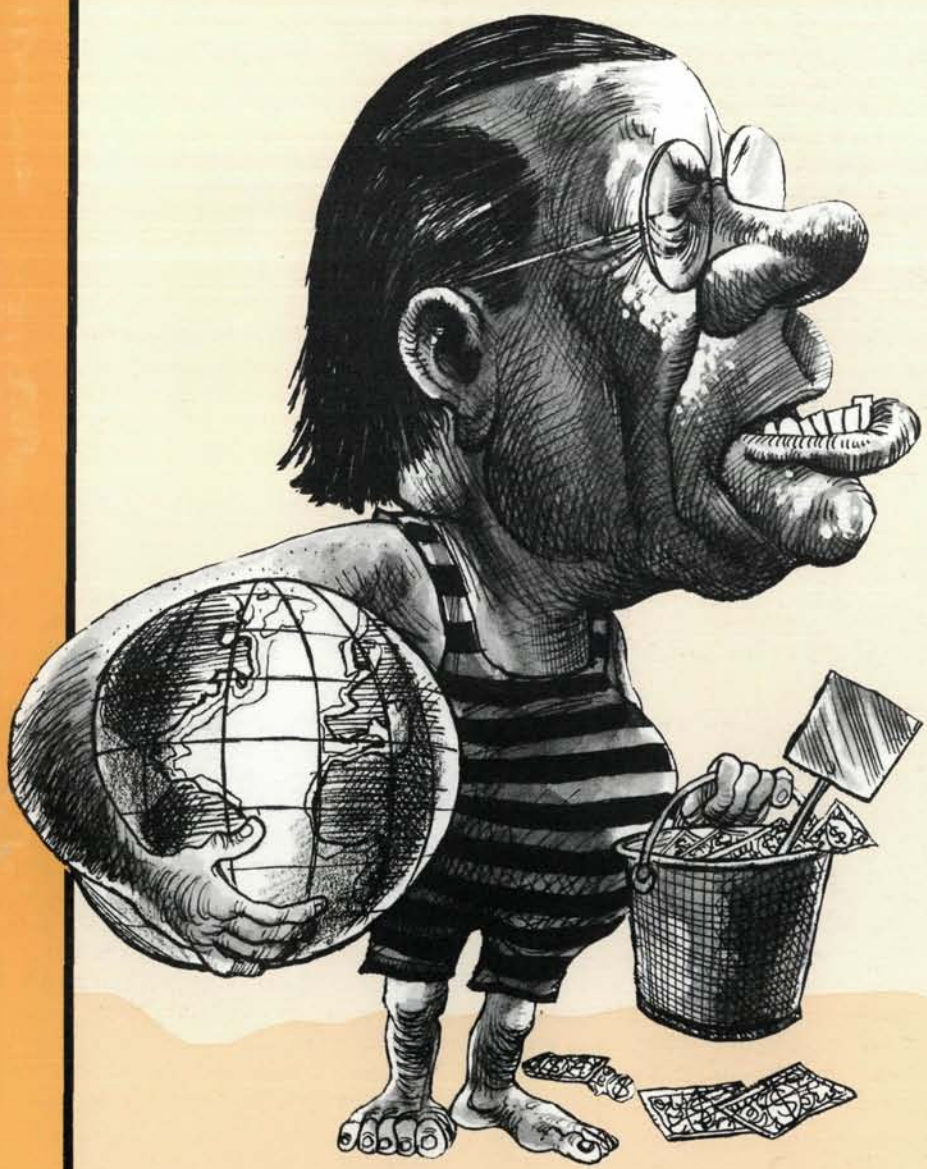

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TRB

from Washington
September 3, 1977

A Man, A Plan, A Canal: Panama

Nothing is more difficult, more dangerous or more doubtful of success, Machiavelli asserted, than to institute a new order of things. Jimmy Carter is only the latest prince to find this out. His "new American foreign policy" based on decency, openness, humaneness and self-confidence, sounded compelling as the theme of a commencement address at Notre Dame, but it scares and offends people when Carter tries to put it into action. Reformist leaders, Machiavelli said, run into trouble from two sorts of people: enemies who derive profit or comfort from the old order; and lukewarm friends who, not quite appreciating how good things might become, are afraid to commit themselves wholeheartedly to the prince's cause.

Carter is encountering his share of both types on practically every foreign policy issue he addresses. All over the world, Carter is breaking familiar patterns of American conduct, and trying to establish a new order of relationships. He wants to "give away" the Panama Canal, albeit over a 23-year period. He has sent American diplomats, businessmen and tourists back to Cuba, and he does not seem to have exacted a price in the coin of good Cuban behavior in Africa. Meanwhile our old friends in Brazil are angry with Carter's policies on human rights and nuclear proliferation. Some of our European friends are unhappy as well.

The President wants to pull US ground troops out of Korea, where they have been for a generation. Eventually he will break ties with "Nationalist China" in order to establish ties with "Communist China." He is even trying to normalize relations with Communist Vietnam. Carter refuses to get excited about Communist inroads in western Europe or Soviet meddling in Africa. He actually wants to reduce the number and power of nuclear weapons the United States and the Soviet Union possess, instead of establishing friendly ground rules for increasing them. He has put the United States unambiguously on the side of the blacks in southern Africa, thereby monumentally offending the whites. In the Middle East, Carter actually seems to care about the Palestinian Arabs, as well as about Israel and the Arab states, which is amazing because no one else does.

Carter's general world view, and his style also are new. "We are now free of that inordinate fear of communism which once led us to embrace any dictator who joined us in that fear," he said at Notre Dame. Carter is trying to deprive us of our handy reference guide to the world's good guys and bad guys in other ways, too. As a new one, he asks us to look at the way countries treat their own people, which is simply unheard of, at least for any leader of ours. Carter also seems to talk too much—giving away his tactics, even while obscuring his grand strategy.

Carter's enemies are attacking with "the zeal of partisans," in Machiavelli's terms, and his friends "only defend him half-heartedly, so that between them he runs great danger." Carter would like to make a battleground of the new Panama Canal treaty, in the hope of trouncing his foes quickly and using the victory as momentum for tougher tests yet to come. On the canal issue, Carter's determined opposition comprises America's cultural right wing, led by Ronald Reagan, Strom Thurmond and Jesse Helms. With help from corporate Republicans, former President Gerald Ford and the Eastern Establishment, including Henry Kissinger, it ought to be possible for Carter to win. But his friends in Congress have looked at the public opinion polls and gone faint-hearted. Seventy-five percent of the American people ostensibly oppose "giving away" the Panama Canal, and Congressional leaders are counseling a postponement of a vote on the Panama treaty until the weather looks more favorable.

This would mean debate and decision in an election year, which probably would be fatal to the treaty and, perhaps, to Carter's whole foreign policy design. If the Thurmonds and

(continued on page 38)

The regular author of TRB *is on vacation. This column is written by another member of* The New Republic*'s staff.*

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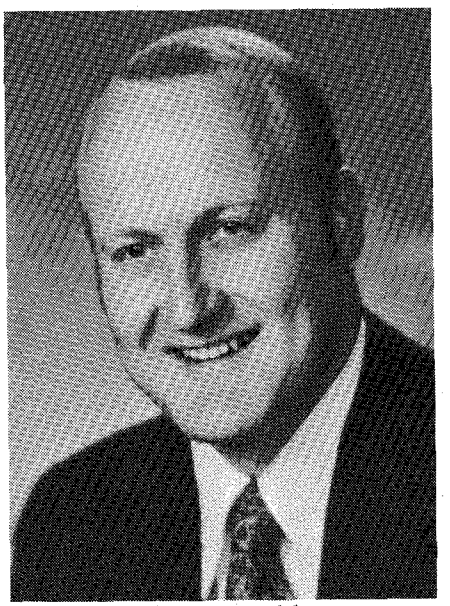
How to Achieve Total Financial Freedom

"Millionaires Are Not 100 Times Smarter Than You, They Just Know The Wealth Formula."



Mark O. Haroldsen
Millionaire in 48 Months

We've never met and probably never will, but I think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom.

Because of this common interest, I think we can be of great help to each other. You see, a little over twelve months ago my net worth reached the magic million dollar mark, and it only took me 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen me just a few years ago, you might wonder how I did it. I lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. My wife was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow $150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, I know I didn't make a million dollars because of my superior intellect — I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average and I think that if you'll stop and think, you'll realize and agree, there is not a single millionaire that is 10, 20, or 50 times smarter than you, or that works 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

Now, how can we help each other? I am willing to share everything I have learned and know that would help and guide you to achieve your own financial freedom and independence. But the only way I would ever give you my secrets, methods and formulas is if I benefit also. Because as you will find when you reach your ultimate financial goals, you really don't want to stop there but you are motivated to go and make more. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves. You will find as you read my formulas, that since I have actually achieved total financial freedom myself, that you will receive from me more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step by step plan to actually do it.

You may have seen part of my formulas described in various publications, such as the November edition of Nations Business, page 69. This work is entitled **How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You.** The various formulas contained in the volume will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as $100 down.
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- put $10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property)
- compound your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

If you apply these formulas and methods you will find in a very short time, you will be able to spend three weeks out of every month doing anything you care to do, and I think, at that time, you will find as I have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what real freedom is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put $10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe me, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people actually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

These formulas of mine do not have to be used with income properties only. They actually can be applied to virtually any asset.

While I was struggling on making my first million, I often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would I have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the $10.00 that I'm going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

What will this $10.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step by step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand my dilemma. I'm not a New York advertising agency, with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that I can make you financially independent. I am just somebody who has actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

What would you do, if you were in my shoes. You have in excess of $1,000,000 net worth, you have a desire to share your formula with others, because you not only have a simple, honest and workable method whereby others too can enjoy the riches of this land, but you also want to benefit and make money from sharing this information, so you can continue to grow financially.

I think you might do what I'm doing — that is to write a simple open letter to the type of people who share similiar goals as mine asking them to try the formulas for themselves, to see if they work as well as the claims described. Because, I know, as you would know if you were in my shoes, that if I can just convince you to test my formulas and methods, you will see for yourself that they will work as easily for you as they did for me.

It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple, direct approach, I can convince you to try my formulas.

It seems the majority of the people in our rich country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action — please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for my material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to subscribe, do it now, not later. Otherwise, you may lose, just by default.

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Mark O. Haroldsen

P.S. If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe me, when I started out I certainly was, because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others. I would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and I promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what I have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what I told you in this letter, send the material back, and I will quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order. Also, if you would like to check a few of my references, I have listed some below.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
September 3, 1977

According to Hoyle

"When in doubt," Edmund Hoyle always counseled, "take the trick." The Democrats once again are rewriting the rules by which they will choose delegates to their next nominating convention. President Carter's political strategists are inclined to play the game according to Hoyle's rule.

One of the most durable axioms of American politics used to be that a sitting President could not be denied renomination. It's still true that no President actually has been unseated by his own party, but most recent Presidents have been challenged, and you can get up pretty good odds around Washington right now that Carter will face primary opposition next time. Jerry Brown and Pat Moynihan are the names most frequently mentioned. When the current Democratic party reform commission, headed by Morley Winograd, Michigan state chairman, meets in Detroit next month to make its recommendations, the Carter people will present some proposals designed to insulate their man in 1980.

The spread of the primary has diminished the advantage a President automatically derives from the support of other office-holders in his party and from the loyalty he commands from party organization types around the country. In 1968, there were 17 primaries where about 40 percent of the delegates were chosen; by last year the number of primaries had grown to 31 and they accounted for 72 percent of the delegates.

The current rules—which won Carter's strong endorsement during the campaign—also help longshot underdogs and reduce the value of the incumbency. The Democrats' original reform commission, set up following the disaster of 1968, reduced the power of party organizations to choose delegates or arbitrarily determine how they would be chosen. The commission banned automatic delegate slots reserved for party and public officials and limited the number of delegates that could be chosen indirectly by party committees to 10 percent. After 1972 the limit was raised to 25 percent.

The Democrats also have a rule on the books requiring proportional representation. The number of delegates each candidate gets is supposed to reflect accurately the presidential preferences of primary and caucus voters. During the 1976 primaries there was a loophole permitting the winner of a plurality in each Congressional district to be credited with all the votes. Thirteen states, including big ones like New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Texas, adopted this arrangement. In Texas, for example, Jimmy Carter won 94 percent of the delegates with only 49 percent of the popular vote. The loophole was written into the 1976 rules at the initiative of the Daley organization in Illinois. It was commonly assumed to give an advantage to state party organizations, and, indeed, in some places it worked out just that way.

At their convention last summer, the Democrats voted to close this loophole and forbid any form of winner-take-all. Right now, the rules require that any

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candidate who gets 15 percent of the popular vote is entitled to a proportional share of a state's delegates. Carter's men regard this as an invitation to havoc in 1980, and they are inclined to use the Winograd Commission to restore a political cushion for the President.

Carter's new interest in tempering the edge of reform is shared by those who believe that presidential nominating politics have become too accessible to committed activists backing one candidate or another. They want to restore a greater role for party organizations and the party's already elected leaders, who, it is argued, supply continuity and experience. This coalition wants to guarantee automatic, full-voting delegate slots for the nearly 400 Governors, Senators and Representatives, and perhaps half-votes for each of the more than 50 state party chairpersons.

Party leaders and organization politicians are an important element in nominating conventions. Their greatest interest is in winning and they bring a strong dose of pragmatism. As Felix Frankfurter put it, they are the party's "organized appetite." But to automatically enfranchise officeholders is to remove a bit more of the presidential nominating decision from direct influence of rank-and-file party voters, those Democrats who do show up for the primaries and caucuses. Some, whose memories date back to 1968 are understandably wary of the change. John Sears, who managed Ronald Reagan's campaign against a barely established incumbent has said, "As a matter of order and custom in politics, the regular party organization will support an incumbent President."

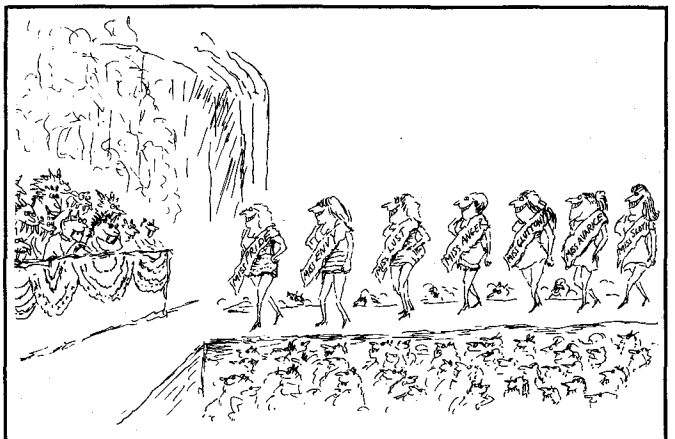
The most obvious attempt to insulate the incumbent from any possible challenge is a proposal promoted by Rick Hutcheson, a White House aide and member of the current reform commission, who was Carter's delegate coordinator during last year's primaries. Hutcheson wants to raise the threshhold entitling presidential candidates to a fair share of the delegate pie from 15 percent to 25 percent. He argues this would facilitate the process of winnowing the field and building a consensus.

Fears that proportional representation would factionalize the party and lead to a deadlocked convention should have been quelled by the experience of 1976. Indeed, Messrs. Shriver, Harris, Jackson, Wallace, Bayh, Shapp, Brown, Bentsen, Church, Udall, and even Humphrey may feel that the field was winnowed a bit too quickly even at the present 15 percent cutoff.

Hutcheson's idea is not a workable proposition. If the 25 percent threshhold had been in effect in 1976, it would have made a mockery of the early tests where candidates invested so much time, money, organization and personal energy. New Hampshire, for example, would have been converted to a winner-take-all primary; only Jimmy Carter had a sufficiently high popular vote total—28 percent—to qualify for delegates. In the next primary, Massachusetts, nine candidates campaigned actively and none managed 25 percent. Who wins the delegates under those circumstances? In the early caucuses in Iowa, only Carter would have qualified for delegates; and in Mississippi, only George Wallace.

Presumably Hutcheson speaks for the White House on this matter, and, if so, President Carter is making a grave mistake by advancing such a self-serving proposal. Most seem inclined to agree with Carter's earlier assessment that the rules we have now worked pretty well. They should not be tampered with to the advantage of one candidate or another, even the President.

In a system where only two parties have a realistic chance to win the presidency, it is important that a strong measure of accountability be built into the nominating process of each, an opportunity to sternly test the stewardship even of an incumbent President. As Alexander Bickel once put it, "The choice in the general election between two candidates either of whom can satisfy most people, or at least radically dissatisfy very few, always leaves some of us with no choice at all." As we have seen in recent elections, sometimes the choice dissatisfies many more than just a few. A fully accessible nominating process merely offsets the massive advantages of incumbency—partly inevitable and aggravated by the Federal Elections Act. When a President elects to pursue a course so wrongheaded that it bestirs the party's rank-and-file to register its dissent, as President Johnson's Indochina policy did in 1968, the system should receive the complaint and pass it along, not merely short-circuit the message. As chaotic, irrational and over-complicated as the present system is, it has the potential to render a President of the United States accountable. That is an element of democracy well worth preserving.



Drawing by Koren; c 1969 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

Beginning next week: Henry Fairlie's series on the seven deadly sins in modern dress.

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Correspondence

Anti-Catholicism

To the editors:

Being white, Anglo-Saxon, and middle class, I have felt somewhat left out in the past few years when just about everyone includes himself in a group that is subject to prejudice or discrimination. I am however also Roman Catholic and having read the letter on the views on abortion of one Kate M. Field in the July 23rd issue, I now feel a little more a part of things. Leaving aside Ms. Field's slurs against the motives of the church leaders, she disparages the intelligence of Catholic laymen by implying that they are merely unthinking pawns in a grab for political power by the church hierarchy. This is quite simply anti-Catholicism in its broadest sense.

Charles E. Warburton, Jr.
Ambler, Pennsylvania

Vietnamese Lesson

To the editors:

Karen Keegan's article on the "Indochinese Refugees" (*TNR*, July 23) was thoughtful and compassionate. That we would hesitate to allow these people to settle in the US after our shameful debacle in their country makes me sick. Immigrants to America are the ones who continue to teach its citizens that for some freedom is worth risking one's life for.

Joseph W. Spooner, MD
Los Angeles, California

An answer for TRB

To the editors:

TRB asks, "What kind of man is this grinning American President?" (July 23). You've got to be well along in years to know the answer—very few today know the characteristics of an old-fashioned medicine "ptichman."

Well, he's got it, but with the subtle delivery of a political messiah!

Oscar F. Miller
Coral Gables, Florida

Good old Chiang Ch'ing

To the editors:

In his recent review of my book, *Comrade Chiang Ch'ing* (June 25), Simon Leys, better known for entertaining cynicism than for dispassion, misrepresents me on various points. Obvious to readers, his perversions of my meaning do not merit my spelling out here.

Of more general interest is that Simon Leys, who has built a sinological and journalistic career upon the notion of being duped by no one or no regime, has, for the sake of argument at least, fallen into several propaganda traps set by Hua Kuo-feng's new government. Such awkward postures distort Leys' perception of my presentation of Chiang Ch'ing as a person and a leader. Among these notions fabricated by Hua to offset criticism of the violence he launched against Mao's defenders, principally the Gang of Four ostensibly led by Chiang Ch'ing, are the following.

1. That his government promotes women as national leaders. It does so nominally at best, most certainly since the purge of Chiang Ch'ing, its most powerful woman, on grounds that are riddled with sexist offenses. Leys chides my "feminist obsession" when I account for Chiang Ch'ing's seeking to detach herself from Mao (she was mainly Madame Mao, Leys argues), to become a "leading comrade in her own right." The new regime's compensatory gestures of support for women, which Leys cites approvingly, are fatuous: a renewed eulogy for the "glorious martyr" Yang K'ai-hui, Mao's second wife who was executed not for being a Communist leader in her own right, but for being married to the chief "communist bandit"; and Chou En-lai's widow, Teng Ying-ch'ao, famous indeed as a leader of women, never of men, recently promoted to a ceremonial position for the aged: Vice Chairman of the National People's Congress. If Leys did not derive satisfaction from the Chinese leaders' suppression of potent women, he would have called that vulgar tokenism.

2. That Chiang Ch'ing's unpopularity was long-standing among the Chinese people. Who knows who is "popular" or "unpopular" in the judgment of the

(continued on page 38)

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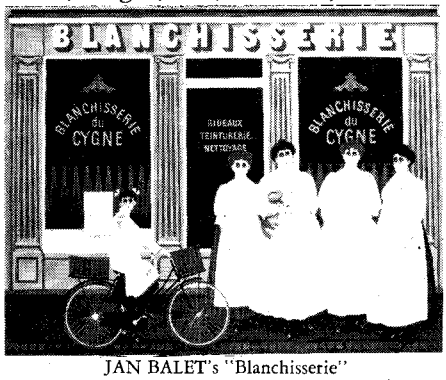

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Biddle to Pell to Hell

The *Washington Post* reports that the next chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts is likely to be Livingston L. Biddle, Jr., whose qualification for the post rests on his having angled for it for close to a year while he served as flack for the man now angling on his behalf. The man is Senator Claiborne Pell whose chief distinction is having gummed up both the Arts and Humanities Endowments in the name of a brand of "populism" he alone comprehends. Biddle is an aide to Pell, and now Pell is an aid to Biddle.

At a recent meeting of the American Association of University Presses, Biddle sang the following ditty to those assembled: "If you ever need a grant, call on Pell. If you ever need a subsidy, ring my bell." Now here is the kind of straight-from-the-mouth pork barrelling we haven't heard in a long time (maybe this is Pell's "populism"), and it would almost be refreshing if we were not asked to pay for it. Let's see if we've got it straight: Biddle works for Pell; Biddle promises grants to special interest groups; Pell gets Biddle the chairmanship of NEA; Pell tells Biddle which grants to make.

Of course there's the possibility that Biddle was merely joking with his little song, which would mean that he is merely tasteless, not crooked. In either case Carter could not make a worse appointment if he tried.

White House Watch

Sticking Up For Bert

The President and the three assistants who principally followed the Bert Lance affair for him after he and they recognized in July that it was becoming a serious problem for the administration had the following things in common. They were Georgians. They knew Lance in his Georgia setting as a go-go banker and, during the Carter governorship from 1971 to 1974, as a vigorous reorganizer and reformer of the state highway operation. Two of the assistants, Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell, worked with Lance for Carter in the state government. They and White House counsel Robert Lipshutz, an Atlanta lawyer who in a state-wide practice learned about all there was to know about Georgia banking and bankers, grew up with an understanding that of course some people, including respected bankers and their friends and relatives, enjoyed privileges including access to bank loans and overdrafts that most people neither enjoyed nor expected. The President and his assistants shared the opinion of Bert Lance as a person, as a banker and as a public official that Jordan and Carter separately expressed after the federal Comptroller of the Currency, midway into an investigation of Lance's gaudy record as a banker and borrower before he became director of the Office of Management and Budget, said in an interim report: "We do not believe the information developed to date in the inquiry warrants the prosecution of any individuals." Jordan said in conversation with a reporter: "Bert Lance is a superb manager and doer and leader of people." The President said at a press conference: "I think that there's no doubt that Bert Lance is one of the more competent and intelligent people that I have ever known in my life."

Such statements do not adequately convey the feeling of respect and affection for Lance, the positive inability to believe anything really bad about him, that prevails among the Carter Georgians who knew him when. It's a feeling that has to be understood if the President's and his staff's instant and extravagant embrace of Lance after the Comptroller's report was issued, and the pain and embarrassment that the same people suffered during the fortnight before it appeared when they thought it necessary to disassociate the Carter presidency from him to some extent, are to be understood.

There are many reasons for the feeling. One of them is Lance himself. People who like him—and some don't, in Georgia and Washington—find him extremely likeable. He is a big man, physically; his manner and speech are vivid, outgoing, friendly. In this superficial sense he stands out from the Carter crowd, a rather drab lot on the whole. His Georgia colleagues at the White House and throughout the administration regard him as an asset in this way and value him for it. But the feeling predates the Georgians' Washington adventure and goes much deeper. He's a success in Georgia, a country boy who went to work at a country bank and married the banker's daughter and took over that bank and then a bigger bank in the big city, Atlanta, and all this in a society— a *southern* society—where success and successful people, especially men, are esteemed to the point of reverence so long as the appearance of success is sustained. Jimmy Carter, also a success on a smaller Georgia scale until he went for the ultimate prizes in state and national politics, spoke of Lance before and after the troubles came upon him in terms that reflect a mix of ingrained respect and reluctance to believe anything that may bring the basis for respect into question.

It's been suggested in print—it inevitably would be suggested, in the post-Watergate climate of distrust—that the lender-debtor relationship between the former Lance bank in Atlanta and the Carter peanut shelling and marketing enterprise in Plains is somehow related to Carter's loyalty to Lance and Lance's to Carter. The National Bank of Georgia lent Carter Warehouses, Inc., around one million dollars to buy new equipment in 1975 and has advanced up to four million dollars each

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year in short-term loans to finance the purchase and marketing of other farmers' peanuts. The Carter-Lance friendship didn't hurt, no doubt, but the arrangement could and probably would have been made on a business basis without the friendship. I find it believable that Carter spoke from the heart, without thought of money, when he said that the outcome of the Lance investigation "means a lot to him; it means a lot to me personally as a friend of his; it means a lot to me as President, responsible for the integrity and reputation not only of my Cabinet office (sic) but myself."

For a time in July and early August, the President and his White House people were more worried and shaken than they let on. Their uncertainty was near its peak on August 6 when the President, after his and his spokesmen's earlier assertions of total confidence in Lance, confined himself at a press conference to saying he was sure Lance and the Comptroller would conduct the inquiry properly. In an ABC television interview August 10, Carter in effect invited Lance to resign "if any improprieties do exist." Within less than a week after that, the Carter staff and presumably the President had bucked up. Their revived confidence in a favorable outcome for Lance and the administration was based mainly on their own investigations. Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal briefed Carter on the course but not—so it was said—the precise findings of the Comptroller's inquiry. Lipshutz, Jordan, Powell and other Georgians in Carter's service demanded from their Georgia acquaintances, Georgia bankers and Lance's former banking associates among them, every possible scrap of relevant knowledge and judgment of Lance's past practices. Jordan cross-examined Lance in person. Charles Kirbo, the Atlanta lawyer and long-time friend who continues to serve as the President's counsellor without portfolio, was asked after the Comptroller's interim rerport appeared whether Carter had been consulting him about how to handle the matter. Kirbo answered with his usual caution: "Well, I don't know that 'consulting' is the proper word. He and I have talked about it." A week or so before the report was released, Carter assistants began saying they knew enough to be reasonably sure that it would absolve Lance of any illegality and of any really serious improprieties.

A copy of the report with two thick volumes of supporting documents was delivered to Lipshutz at 8:30 on the night before it was released. Lipshutz and three other lawyers on his White House staff studied it and the documents for about three hours. While they worked they told Jordan and Powell what they were making of the report as they went through it. At about 11:30 Lipshutz, Jordan and Powell telephoned the President. He was staying with his family at Camp David, the mountain retreat for Presidents some 60 miles from Washington. They emphasized to Carter what they considered to be the Comptroller's key judgments: above all, that nothing found up to then "warrants the prosecution of any individuals", and, in connection with allegations that Lance had misused bank relationships to obtain personal loans totalling $5.3 million, that "there appears to be no violation of any applicable laws or regulations relating to national banks." It was spare and cautious language, framed by Comptroller John Heimann and his staff to say no more

Bert Lance by Vint Lawrence

and no less for or against Lance than the evidence permitted. Lance got his first look at the report the next morning, three hours before it was released for publication. He had already decided to hold a press conference that day, regardless of how he fared. Knowing this, Carter briefly considered waiting a day before he had his say. Jordan argued that any delay would be interpreted as a sign of reluctance to support Lance. Carter and the others agreed. Lipshutz dictated a summary of the report and sent it to Camp David early the next morning. He and Powell flew up in mid-morning by helicopter, went over the summary with Carter and flew with him back to Washington for the appearance with Lance at which he said, "My faith in the character and competence of Bert Lance has been reconfirmed" and finished with, "Bert, I'm proud of you."

Two of the most serious allegations were that Lance in his capacity as president and chief executive officer of the National Bank of Georiga had NBG open what the trade calls "correspondent accounts" in two bigger banks, Manufacturers Hanover in New York and First National in Chicago, in order to facilitate his own borrowing from them of the money (finally $3.4 million) with which he bought most of his NBG stock. The least to be said of the sequence of deposits and borrowings is what the Comptroller said: that "this recurring pattern of shifting bank relationships and personal borrowings raises unresolved questions as to

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what constitutes acceptable banking practice." The worst conclusion justified beyond question by the Comptroller's evidence is that Lance was foolish and imprudent in timing his personal borrowings as closely as he did with the opening of the correspondent accounts. There is persuasive evidence, though not enough of it to persuade the meticulous Comptroller, that Manufacturers Hanover lent Lance $2.6 million in 1975 on the strength of his tacit promise to transfer the NBG correspondent account to Manufacturers from another New York bank and to keep it at or above an agreed level. In these and four other instances of interwoven bank and personal loan relationships, the Comptroller found "no violation of the applicable laws and regulations."

Lance went after and helped get for NBG a management account from a Teamsters union pension fund in March 1976. Carter by then was a likely prospect for the Democratic nomination and Lance as Carter's man was politically attractive to such clients. But this doesn't establish impropriety and the Comptroller found none. The nature of the account was widely misreported. It was not a deposit account, bringing to NBG sums ($17.5 million in 1976, $24.5 million in mid-1977) that if suddenly withdrawn could embarrass the bank. According to the Comptroller's description of the trust agreement, "NBG received fees only for the management of the account; the assets of the fund were to be held by American National Bank & Trust Company, Chicago, Illinois."

The foregoing is about all I find it possible to say for Bert Lance and it's perhaps more than should be said for him on the basis of the Comptroller's report. The report does not justify Lance's and Carter's claims that the Comptroller cleared Lance of both illegality and impropriety. The Comptroller took elaborate care to limit his findings of "no violation" and to avoid any judgment of propriety or impropriety. Granted that Lance's personal practices and the practices of his original bank in Calhoun, Ga., were within accepted bounds at the time the Comptroller's quotation of a December 1975 agreement between the then acting Comptroller and the Calhoun bank says all that need be said about the prodigal use of overdrafts on his own bank by Lance, his family, and other bank insiders. The quoted excerpt refers to LaBelle David Lance, his wife, and several members of her family, among others. It says: "The BANK shall not carry or maintain any overdrafts on any account of the BANK in excess of thirty (30) calendar days, and shall not permit any overdrafts on any accounts maintained in the BANK by T. Bertram Lance [our Bert], Tom B. David, Claude Barker David, Mrs. Beverly Banks David, Mrs. Tom B. David, LaBelle Lance, Ruth M. Chance, Ronald F. Chance, Frank Hobgood, Bill Mathews, James B. Langford, and any other members of their families, or any companies, organizations or entities controlled by, associated with or related to such persons."

A summary attached to the report showed no overdrafts in the Calhoun accounts of Mrs. Lance and "relatives" after the agreement was signed. It listed four minor overdrafts in Lance's Calhoun account in 1976, five in the first six months of 1977. At his first press conference after the report was issued, Carter appeared to be startled and confused when a reporter asked about the 1977 overdrafts. His spokesman, Jody Powell, said afterward that the President knew about them and regretted that he hadn't explained that they were technical overdrafts, of one and at most two days' duration, generally caused by delays in the posting of deposits. The summary indicates that this was so. There is an intriguing and unexplained footnote: "Statement for 4/15/77-5/4/77 missing."

John Osborne

The horse that
wasn't designed by a committee.

Most Wanted

Frank Johnson may be the only living person in the country whose nomination as FBI director could cause such a universal sigh of relief. One member of President Carter's official Committee on the Selection of the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—which did not select Johnson—says they also would have gone along with Oliver Wendell Holmes. All the superlatives that have been heaped on Johnson—there was even a good word from arch enemy George Wallace—attest to Johnson's perceived rightness for the job.

Seven months ago Johnson declined his good friend Griffin Bell's offer of the FBI directorship, citing family reasons. Between then and the time he changed his mind, Carter and Bell decided to appoint a committee of distinguished types to find an FBI head. No one seems to be quite sure how those who were to choose the director were chosen. Irving Shapiro, chairman of du Pont and an early Carter supporter, headed the nine-member group. For 120 days, he says, it "labored mightily, a great personal sacrifice for some, to come up with the five nominees. Since we didn't provide the final name, I suppose we may have wasted our time."

The Committee itself had a good affirmative action profile, and of course there was great interest in coming up with some black and female nominees. To find these nominees (they failed to discover any of the latter) as well as white males, they sent 460 letters to law school

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deans, women lawyer groups, the NAACP, police chiefs, etc., and got back 230 suggestions. They threw out those who didn't meet the requirements of "absolute integrity" and a "solid committment to the rule of law." That left about 60 people, 12 of whom declined the honor of being considered.

The committee came up with five nominees. One of these, Judge Harlington A. Wood, Jr., immediately withdrew. Another, Sheriff William Lucas of Detroit, was found to be under investigation for Las Vegas junkets. A third, the head of Philadelphia's FBI bureau, Neil J. Welch, has a suit pending against him by a political action group. The closest contender appears to have been John Mintz, legal counsel to the FBI, who was not officially nominated by the Committee. At this point Carter and Bell decided to look for a director from those not on the list. Soon after, Johnson indicated his availability.

A fellow at the Justice Department says the search was not a total waste because a lot of good people now have been brought to the President's attention. But that was not the purpose of spending the $40,000 the search cost. It was to find an FBI Director. The futility of this kind of operation is almost inevitable. As the fellow at Justice said, "A Frank Johnson is just not going to let himself be interviewed with 40 other people." Shapiro said, "You can't expect a panel to have the leverage to convince a person that the President has."

Emily Yoffe

A bizarre law to pry open medical schools for a certain few.

Pushy Parents

Tucked inside a Public Health Service Act last year, there was an odd little provision guaranteeing Americans studying medicine abroad the right to transfer into American medical schools. If an applicant is a US citizen who has had two years of training in a foreign country, was enrolled in medical school when the law was enacted in October 1976, and has passed a National Board of Medical Examiners test routinely given to second year students, he or she by law must be admitted to a US medical school. Medical schools that wish to keep their government aid must waive all their usual rigorous requirements for admission to make room for these transfer students, most of whom were enrolled abroad because they couldn't get into American Medical schools in the first place. Federal grants, which are called "capitation funds" because they are based on the number of students enrolled, now total 50 percent of the average medical school's budget. Previously, the capitation funds were contingent on medical schools continuing to increase their enrollment. The 1976 law tightens the screws on the medical schools in other ways, one of which is the demand that each school admit a quota of American transfers from abroad.

No one on Capitol Hill admits to knowing exactly how this provision got into the massive Public Health Service Act. Aides to Representative Paul Rogers, Democrat of Florida, a prime supporter of the law, say the provision simply was a last-minute surprise compromise measure emerging from a House-Senate conference. One of the aides referred to it as a "National Cleanup Program" (to bring our kids home from those dirty, incompetent foreign medical schools). Oddly enough, the "clean-up" will last only three years. And it will affect only those students who were already in medical school when the law was enacted. Clearly it is a classic example of special interest legislation. Rogers's aides flatly deny that lobbying by parents wealthy enough to send their children abroad to medical school had anything to do with the provision, but it's hard to imagine where else it came from.

The heads of medical schools that must comply with the peculiar law don't care where it came from—they are irate about it. In many cases the students they will be forced to accept next year are ones they rejected last year. Several of the top medical schools will get together in September to decide what, if any, legal action they can take against the government. Officials of the schools contend that control over admissions standards by any government agency violates their academic freedom and may be unconstitutional. Some medical schools are threatening, however implausibly, to refuse federal money that comes with this string attached. The legislation is not effective until the 1978-79 academic year, but schools must apply for capitation grants a year in advance. Yale and Stanford University Medical Schools have applied for the funds, but have added notes reserving the right to reject any transfer student on academic grounds. Harvard has applied for the federal grant, but says that it may withdraw its application at any time.

All the rending of garments and gnashing of teeth is beginning to have an effect. Representative Rogers is sponsoring a new bill to amend his first one. Asked why Rogers is doing this, an aide replied, "This may come as a surprise, but *some* Congressmen can admit they have made mistakes." Apparently, Rogers does not feel he has made too glaring a mistake, because his new bill hardly differs from the present law. Instead of requiring medical schools to accept third year medical students from abroad, it just says the schools must accept more third year students. The change is meaningless. Besides a very few American two-year-only medical schools, foreign medical schools are the

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only sources of third year medical students.

Rogers's bill has occasioned a fruitless debate in Congress over whether there is a glut or deficit of doctors in this country. The argument is foolish since the total number of physicians in the country has little effect, as things are set up now, on either the cost or the quality of medical care. Those who cry "shortage" or "glut," much like disputants on the oil question, merely reveal which side they are on.

Karen Keegan

Only the occasional foreign millionaire saves Fleet Street from collapse.

Hard Pressed

London

If the millions of dollars now being supplied by Robert Anderson's Atlantic-Richfield corporation manage to save the ailing British Sunday newspaper, the *Observer*, it will put the right-wing *Sunday Telegraph* out of business. Paradoxically, American oil money will then have saved a pro-Labour and vaguely neutralist newspaper and silenced the stoutest defender of private enterprise and the Western allies.

Competition in Fleet Street has never been fiercer. Almost all the British nationals are losing money. They are kept going by wealthy businessmen craving influence or prestige. But according to the recent report of the Royal Commission on the press, these gentlemen are reaching the limit of their willingness to sustain losses. The Commission predicts that if things go on as they are going,"Fleet Street will experience the fate of New York, where five newspapers were killed during the last decade."

The British press is split into two: the sexy and sensational "pops" which can only survive with circulations of several million; and the "heavies," written for the educated minority, which live mostly off up-market ads. London still has four in each category, compared to a total of three in New York.

Under commercial pressures in recent years, all but one of Britain's unique independent Sunday papers have become Sunday editions of associated dailies. Robert Anderson has chanced his luck with the only independent Sunday paper left. The *Observer* was founded in 1791, the year of Mozart's death, and is the oldest British Sunday paper, though the continuity is only in its name. Old people still remember it under the famous right-wing editor J. L. Garvin, when it led the campaign to appease Mussolini and Hitler. After the war it followed the progressive but erratic idiosyncracies of an inspired editor-publisher, David Astor, son of Garvin's boss and groomed for the job. Now the editor is Astor's former deputy, Donald Trelford, who tries to keep the *Observer* gently left of center.

Anderson has nothing against the Berry family, which for years has been sacrificing most of its profits from the lucrative *Daily Telegraph* to preserve its highly uneconomic Sunday. In the *Observer*, Anderson saw a deserving case and thought he might do good to the world (and himself) by acting as a fairy godfather.

Nevertheless, experts agree there is not enough of the right type of ad to maintain three Sunday "heavies." Lord Thomson's *Sunday Times* is far ahead: the *Observer* or the *Sunday Telegraph* will have to go.

The Royal Commission showed that it is the printing unions which have done best out of the war between British newspapers. In an industry where the enterprise is so perilous and demand is so elastic, a strike can mean disaster. It takes only a handful of operatives to bring production to a halt. It was the cringing attitude towards the unions that put the *Observer* in the hands of an American oil tycoon. By the end of last year, Anderson was the only alternative to the dreaded Australian Rupert Murdoch, who had made it plain that if he took over he would sack the editor and run the paper himself.

A few years back the *Observer*'s prospects looked good. It was printing on the presses of the London *Times* (which did not publish on Sunday). Then the Canadian owner, the late Lord Thomson, decided to consolidate his operations and print the *Times* on presses he already was using for the *Sunday Times*—a separate publication, but also owned by Lord Thomson. The *Observer* would have liked to move out too. Many of its pages could have been printed on the presses of the smaller *Financial Times* (England's *Wall Street Journal*, not published on Sunday), and the rest in northern England. The unions vetoed the use of cheaper non-London labor, and forced the *Observer* to take over and staff the *Times* printing presses seven days a week for its once-a-week publication. The Astors had no intention of dissipating the family fortunes and threw in their hand. By the time Anderson took over, the paper was being run on a shoe-string and its circulation had slumped into third and bottom place among the serious Sundays.

Britain's national newspapers have become the expensive toys of very rich men, who more and more often must be found outside the United Kingdom. This seems absurd, as the new systems of producing and disseminating news should make producing newspapers cheaper instead of more expensive. The Royal Commission deplores the "suicidal behavior" of the unions—but characteristically accepts their veto as final. It never asks why it should be left to a few thousand overpaid craftsmen to decide whether a country of 55 million might retain the right of a choice of newspapers.

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There is another way. British papers share their own news agencies: Press Association and Reuters. They could similarly share their production facilities. In that case the unions would no longer be able to play the proprietors against one another and would have to settle for a reasonable payoff, topped perhaps by a government grant. The Royal Commission rightly insists that a constant flow of public money into the press would threaten the newspapers' political independence. But this could hardly apply to a one-time subsidy, designed to help papers dispose of surplus labor and obsolete skills.

The Royal Commission reveals that in 1975 the serious daily newspapers—the *Times, Financial Times, Telegraph* and *Guardian*—started abortive talks about combining their printing facilities. There have been reports more recently of new contacts, which are again being kept highly secret to avoid union trouble. But most managements have spent their lives buying off the unions and fighting one another, and old habits die hard.

That is why the Royal Commission is probably right in anticipating the disappearance of more national newspapers and a further advance towards a monopoly press. American newspapers have only been able to stand up to union pressures and modernize their plants after they acquired a monopoly in their sales area (as too many have). The British certainly would not allow a single newspaper owner to tell them what to read. If things seemed to be going that way, any British government would have to intervene. But the cure of a state-financed and therefore state-controlled press could well be worse than the disease.

Nora Beloff

Nora Beloff recently resigned after many years as political, American and European correspondent of the London *Observer*.

Protecting a $106-a-week job costs $31,000 a year.

Keep Trade Free

Recently businessmen in Taiwan have begun to face a new problem: competition from lower-wage foreign countries. In the last three years, as Taiwan's productivity and sales climbed, factory wages doubled to $146 a month. Now the country finds it increasingly difficult to undersell the textiles and electronic appliances produced by South Korea and Singapore. Shoe production, a pillar of Taiwan's economy, has begun moving to Indonesia and Africa.

The Taiwanese, of course, are not the first to grow concerned about the difficulties that can accompany free international trade. Throughout the industrial world, the clamor for increased trade barriers has grown. Businessmen and union officials, struggling with persistent unemployment and growing trade deficits, have singled out imports as the villain. Britain and France are demanding more restrictions on imports of Asian textiles, while the EEC Commission is trying to limit purchases of Japanese ships and cars. Last spring President Carter was pressured to negotiate quotas on imports of color TVs and shoes. This protectionist campaign is misguided. If it continues, the economies of the industrial countries will suffer.

As the classical theory of comparative advantage has it, all nations benefit from free trade over the long run. If each country produces what it does best and permits trade, all will enjoy lower prices and more variety because of economies of scale and increased specialization. Just as it would be foolish for each state in the union to manufacture its own cars, it would make little sense for the US to produce all the goods it needs. The most efficient use of world resources is achieved if the US, for example, concentrates on producing computers and wheat, while Taiwan makes transistor radios and shoes.

In a dynamic world economy, with wages and technology always shifting, comparative advantages change and countries must constantly switch their fields of specialization to remain competitive. Several years ago Swiss watchmakers dominated their market, while American companies struggled. Now with the rise of the new technology, such as digital watches, American companies are booming. Swiss watchmakers are looking for other work. Such shifts benefit the world economy by providing consumers lower prices and a wider variety of goods.

Tariffs and trade barriers are designed to prevent changes in specialization. By raising the prices of foreign goods, they force consumers to purchase more expensive or less desirable domestic goods. This may preserve a particular home industry, but it fuels inflation and decreases world sales.

It is difficult to calculate precisely how much trade barriers now cost American consumers, but most economists agree that the price tag is at least several billion dollars. Last February the US International Trade Commission declared that imports were hurting the American shoe industry and recommended increased tariffs over the next five years. Andrew Brimmer, a former Governor of the Federal Reserve Board and now a private consultant, concluded after a study that the proposed tariff would cost consumers $500 million in 1977 alone. As with most tariffs, the increased costs would be imposed mainly on lower-priced goods: the cheap vinyl sandals and the flimsy

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sneakers that are purchased by poor people. Such a tariff is, in effect, a tax inflicted primarily on the poor to subsidize the jobs of others.

Besides raising prices, tariffs stifle international trade, reducing sales and consequently employment. If the US uses new trade barriers to cut imports, other countries will reduce their purchases of American goods simply because they will have fewer of the dollars formerly earned from trade. About nine million American jobs depending on exports could be threatened. During the 1930s, many countries discovered how destructive trade barriers can be. Seeking to protect depressed domestic industries, governments imposed trade barriers that reduced international sales and plunged the world deeper into recession.

In the US, bicycles, glass, chemicals, steel, generating equipment and other products already are protected by special tariffs and quotas. The list is likely to grow. All these industries represent at least some inefficient use of resources. Other countries can produce the goods cheaper because of lower wages or better technology.

In a growing economy some industries inevitably lead the pack. Benefitting from new technology, they tend to be more productive, to pay higher wages and to compete successfully on world markets. At the other end are those industries in decline. They are less profitable and must strain to match wage rates that have been bid to high levels by more productive companies. These lower-end businesses are often threatened by imports and cry out for protection. Responding to these demands makes little economic sense.

Because wages in this country are high, American companies should only compete in fields where worker productivity is great. If wages are twice as high as those in Britain, then American firms should only make products where worker productivity is twice as high. Britain should produce the other products, since (assuming other costs are equal) it can make them more cheaply. As the theory of comparative advantage indicates, society should concentrate its resources—including labor—in the most productive areas. Tariffs and trade barriers prevent this. They protect weak industries, forcing a nation to put resources in areas where they will do least economic good. When a tariff is imposed on imported shoes, Americans then have less to spend on electronic calculators, for instance. Increases in the standard of living will be slowed. Over the long run there will be more low-paying jobs in shoe factories and fewer higher-paying positions making calculators. Quotas have much the same effect. Since fewer foreign products can enter than demand warrants, prices increase.

The free-trade process of transferring production to more efficient areas increases prosperity and aids industrial development, but it is not without costs. The dying mill towns of New England provide harsh evidence of the effects of changes in competitive advantage. Cheaper or better goods coming from overseas (or from other areas of the country) drove out local industries. The US textile and apparel industries have been especially hard hit by low-cost foreign goods. Thousands of workers have lost their jobs beginning in the 1950s, when Japanese producers first entered the market. The situation is not unique to the US. Industrial countries throughout the world have suffered similar hardships.

Textiles and apparel are particularly suitable industries for third world countries. They require minimal skills and little capital. With wages at 30 cents an hour or less, the developing countries can easily undersell their richer competition. Indeed, the third world nations have argued persuasively that most clothing production should be moved out of the industrial world. This would provide cheaper products for the developed countries and more jobs for the third world. What has prevented the transfer is a structure of quotas and tariffs designed to protect the artificially expensive industries of the developed countries.

Protectionists argue that tariffs involve a tradeoff: consumer prices may be higher, but society will pay less for welfare, crime and other costs related to unemployment. In fact, the tradeoffs are generally one-sided. Under the shoe tariffs proposed by the International Trade Commission, the price of preserving one job paying $106 a week would be $31,000 in the first year. A more efficient way to deal with unemployment is to expand public-works jobs or to use monetary and fiscal policy to stimulate the economy so that workers pushed out of one industry could immediately be rehired somewhere else.

If workers were finding new jobs today, the protectionist arguments would have no political impact. But as the AFL-CIO rightly points out, many of the people being laid off because of imports are not able to move into other fields. They are unskilled, often minorities and women. Since the Trade Act of 1962, the government's solution for these workers has been adjustment assistance, providing people with additional unemployment benefits and helping them to be retrained for new jobs. The program has been a failure. Not enough money has been available; and even when people were retrained, too often there were no jobs for them. The Carter Administration has begun an expanded program.

The new program may help some of the unemployed, but the singling out of import victims for assistance is a dubious idea. Why is the worker laid off because of competition from Asia more deserving of assistance than the worker whose factory closes because of new competition in the Sunbelt? And what of the worker who loses a job because of automation, or the youth who never had a job at all? Clearly, adjustment assistance is designed primarily to appease union officials and other protectionists—not to help the

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unemployed. Workers in industries hurt by imports would be better served by a national full-employment effort.

Another aspect of Carter's adjustment plan would be assisting factories to modernize. If a company needs help for several years in order to become competitive, it would make sense for the government to step in. Unfortunately, in most cases, the dying factories are beyond help. The small family-run shoe and electronics factories are being driven out by glistening, corporate American operations as well as low-wage foreigners.

Some of the loudest cries of anguish and demands for protection come not from these small family firms and not from unions, but from large corporations such as Zenith (which finds it difficult to compete with Japanese color televisions) cloaking themselves in alleged concern for workers' jobs. President Carter should ignore these cries and remember who really gets hurt when we abandon the principles of free trade.

Stan Luxenberg

Stan Luxenberg writes from New York on business topics.

South of the Border, V

El Salvador

The ferocious wave of repression that has gripped El Salvador since February has endangered, for the first time, the close relations that successive Salvadorean dictators have enjoyed with the US government. Charges of fraud in the February 20 presidential election led to large demonstrations in the capitol of San Salvador. After the protesters had camped for six days in the city's central plaza, armed soldiers attacked the crowd, shooting at random and, according to witnesses, killing at least a hundred people.

Since that time, the opposition presidential candidate, a moderate officer, has been forced into exile; scores of people have been abducted or imprisoned without charges; the foreign minister was kidnapped and killed after the government refused to bargain for his release; an intensifying series of government-sponsored attacks on priests has resulted in the murder of two and the deportation of more than a dozen. US Congressional hearings have pinpointed the nation as a bastion of repression; the Salvadorean government has denounced the hearings as a "violation of our national sovereignty" and rejected US military aid. The US and El Salvador both have recalled their respective ambassadors.

El Salvador's bloody history of coups and counter-coups extends back more than 100 years. An uprising in 1932 killed several thousand peasants and workers. In 1960 a leftist junta held power for a few months, but was denounced by some officers and others—including the US ambassador—as "pro-Castro" and soon overthrown. In 1972, allegations of fraud in the presidential election brought a wave of demonstrations, which were put down by US-trained troops. But as the violence reaches a new crescendo, the ruling oligarchy finds itself without strong international support and with a dwindling local base.

El Salvador is the smallest and most densely populated nation on the American mainland. The intense pressure caused by the resulting land shortage has led many Salvadoreans to leave for neighboring countries, where they have not always been welcome. In 1969, El Salvador fought a brief war with Honduras over the issue of migration and the rights of Salvadoreans abroad. The nation's wealth, centered on coffee exports but including cotton and sugar, is concentrated in the "fourteen families" (there are actually more than 14) and the armed forces. By one reckoning, 38 percent of the arable land is held by less than half of one percent of the population, while 91 percent of the population must live off 22 percent of the farmland.

Every President but one since 1931 has been a career soldier, some stiffer and harsher than others. In the early 1960s, after the leftist junta was ousted, the US government began to point to El Salvador as an example of how a Latin nation could prosper and reform under the guidance of the Alliance for Progress. Some modest reforms were enacted, but popular pressure for a return to civilian rule surfaced during the 1967 election campaign. After another colonel nevertheless was elected, citizens looked to the next election in 1972 as an opportunity for change. A majority of them apparently voted for the opposition candidate, but the government candidate, Colonel Arturo Molina, took office.

The election in February pitted the hand-picked candidate of the governing PCN, General Carlos Romero, against a center-left coalition called UNO and led by an army officer with considerable popularity among younger soldiers, Colonel Ernesto Claramount. The UNO platform was one of moderate reform—well to the right of, say, Britain's Labour government.

As the election neared, UNO supporters proclaimed themselves "absolutely convinced" that government intervention in the election would prevent them from winning, no matter how large their vote. The governing party proclaimed as a slogan, "We are going to win *legally*!" But few observers believe they did. Visitors and local residents have supplied considerable detail on the election process and the violence that followed.

The February 20 election was hardly unique by recent Latin American standards. In many of the 3540

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polling places, UNO poll-watchers were either barred entrance or arrested by soldiers. Many ballot boxes were filled before voting began. A radio network around the capitol unashamedly broadcast instructions to PCN coordinators in a primitive code; thus at midmorning, the order went out to "fill all tanks [ballot boxes] to overflowing." Official figures showed the PCN candidate, General Romero, the victor by a two-to-one margin.

The matter might well have ended there, as it usually has in El Salvador and in many of the nearby republics. But this time popular frustration, smoldering ever since the 1972 fraud and fed by the unfulfilled promises of reform since, was ignited. Christian Democratic leaders and other UNO backers urged their followers to the streets, and by early evening of the day after the election, 7000 people had gathered at the Plaza de la Libertad in downtown San Salvador, where they were addressed by their candidate, Colonel Claramount, his running mate and others. Within a few hours, the crowd had doubled in size and began marching through the streets.

The demonstration continued for six days, with the crowd reaching as high as 60,000 at some points. UNO marshalls kept peace and assured that all demonstrators were unarmed. Finally, in the early morning hours of February 28, the "combined security forces" moved in. They sealed off all exits but one from the plaza, then began to move in on the crowd with fire hoses. As the demonstrators sang the national anthem, soldiers began to fire and two young men near the plaza's central monument fell. Panic broke out. Hundreds of demonstrators sought refuge in the plaza's church. Others ran down the only open street, toward another plaza several blocks away. There and around the nearby railroad station, intense gunfire broke out and continued well into the daylight hours.

Government officials put the death toll at just five, but investigators turned up numerous witnesses who themselves saw more bodies than that. The London-based Latin America Political Report published a report estimating casualties at 500 dead and 1200 wounded. Whatever the figures, the massacre was one of the worst in recent Latin American history. Colonel Claramount fled to Costa Rica to avoid arrest.

The events of February have produced an upsure in guerilla activity, including two actions that made worldwide headlines. In April, foreign minister Mauricio Borgonovo, a young, articulate technocrat (MIT graduate), was kidnapped and held while his captors demanded the release of 37 political prisoners. After the Molina government refused to negotiate with the kidnappers, Borgonovo was killed and his body left in a ditch outside San Salvador.

Six weeks later, the scene was a meeting of governors of the Inter-American Development Bank (IDB) in Guatemala—a meeting which was to have been held in El Salvador until political conditions forced a last-minute change. Hours before the meeting began, a Guatemalan guerilla group kidnapped the Salvadorean ambassador to Guatemala and demanded that a statement of theirs be read to the assembled bankers (including US Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal). The statement did not touch directly on the El Salvador crisis, but dealt in general terms with "international imperialism" and "neocolonialist dependence."

The Molina government was quick to denounce the post-election demonstrations as "inspired by international communism." It also embarked on a vigorous campaign against the clergy, which is characterized by a local US diplomat as "well within the mainstream of progressive Catholic thought throughout the world." Manifestos naming progressive priests as Communists and attacking others, especially Jesuits, for subversion have appeared regularly in the government-controlled press. In the town of Aguilares, where the vote-stealing was particularly visible, three Jesuit priests were seized and expelled. Two priests have been killed by paramilitary squads, one of them the pastor of an upper-class parish who had performed the Mass in Plaza de la Libertad the morning before the soldiers cleared it.

On July 1, General Molina handed the government over to the official victor in the February election, General Romero. Two thousand troops cordoned off the National Gymnasium. For the first time in the nation's history, the archbishop of El Salvador refused to attend the ceremony, in protest over what he called government "torture" of priests. Despite the Carter administration's talk of human rights, some shrewd Latin regimes like that in Nicaragua have the lobbying muscle in Washington to stymie any Congressional action against them. El Salvador instead has responded to criticism by renouncing any more US military aid, which this year included $2.5 million in credits for military equipment and $600,000 for military training. In addition, more than 600 Salvadorean soldiers have been trained over the last decade at the US Army's School of the Americas in the Panama Canal Zone.

Military relations between the two nations had been strained since last year, when the chief of staff of the Salvadorean army was arrested by US police in a Westchester, NY motel room and charged with arranging an illegal arms purchase of 10,000 submachine guns. He allegedly was planning to sell the weapons to the US Mafia.

Last September a young black American drifter named Ronald Richardson disappeared in El Salvador. Richardson was last seen in the custody of Salvadorean police, and has not been heard from since. He is widely believed to have been killed in prison like an unknown number of others. But the US ambassador to El Salvador, a California businessman named Ignacio Lozano, refused to let the case die.

Lozano raised some eyebrows, both in San Sal-

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vador and in Washington, for his frank assessments of conditions in El Salvador. Therefore, critics of the regime were quite disappointed when President Carter accepted Lozano's routinely offered resignation several months ago; the move was predictably read by the government there as something of a rebuke to Lozano for his outspoken views. Carter even named a new ambassador, despite an unusual cable of protest from the embassy staff, but then reversed himself and decided to simply recall Lozano and leave the post vacant for the time being. Lozano finally resigned from the diplomatic corps last month.

The citizens of El Salvador, understandably terrified by random violence, are anxious to return to "normal." General Molina was able to defuse protests over his electoral legerdemain in 1972, and perhaps General Romero will be able to do the same. But the sharp rupture with the church and continuing American pressure—Congress now is considering cutting off non-military aid—may force him to offer some concessions. Third world nations, especially in our hemisphere, are acutely aware of developments in El Salvador and are measuring US reaction as a guide for their own future plans.

Steven Kinzer

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The story of a brief career in scientific research.

I Was a Hooker for the CIA

by Maggie Scarf

His name was Arp. I'd questioned him about the ethnicity of that name but he would say nothing, even though I'd assured him that I had no prejudices of any kind and to me sex was strictly a business proposition. But he only smiled mysteriously, saying: "I'm not here for sex exactly." He'd stripped the sheets from my vast kingsized bed, however, and remade the whole thing carefully, using Boy Scout corners. There wasn't a wrinkle upon the entire surface when he bid me into his arms. He was a future-oriented person, as I realized a moment later when the sexual act was completed. "And now," he said brusquely, leaping from the bed, "I must set myself to rights again."

I looked at him. Nothing had happened, I wanted to remark, that could have disarrayed him in the slightest. But I said nothing, fearing that his male pride might be at stake. He went into the bathroom and soon I heard the sound of water running in the shower. After a brief interval he called to me asking if I had any extra Comet cleanser.

When he came out he looked healthy and spotless. He was fully dressed in his dark suit, diagonally striped tie and white buttoned-down shirt. I was glad, for he had a large and ugly scar that ran down the middle of his entire torso. When I'd asked him about this Arp would only say that it had to do with an unsuccessful attempt to open him up. As far as I could see the attempt *had* been successful—but he wasn't the kind of person one dared to prod too far.

I'd donned a negligee during his absence and was lying upon the bed reading Erik Erikson's *Childhood and Society*. This book fascinated me at the time because I'd reached an impasse in my own Adult Development. I was 25, one of the highest priced in the business, but was feeling increasingly alienated, empty and alone. I was in the stage Erikson defines as "Intimacy versus Isolation"—and yet who, I debated, would ever want to maintain an intimate involvement with someone in my own line of business? I had painted myself into one of life's corners. There seemed to be no clear way back into the society at large. I had an Identity, or perhaps a pseudo-Identity. And whichever it was it paid awfully well.

But I was in mental pain, and Arp's sudden question came to me as particularly apt. "Have you ever," he demanded, "considered going into scientific research?"

I admitted that I once had, but then shrugged helplessly. I'd had to drop out of college to support a younger sister suffering from dyslexia. I'd had to start my present career at the bottom, in a massage parlor. "Are you an orphan?" asked Arp, his strangely pale eyes

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narrowing with interest. I explained that I wasn't, and that my parents were quite wealthy. "They never liked me or my younger sister, though . . . and my mother took the position that if she could choose her own friends she should also be able to choose her family."

Arp made no comment. He'd opened a luxurious leather briefcase while I'd been speaking, and now he took out a military-style hairbrush with an amber handle. He ran it over his short-clipped blond head, but there wasn't a hair there long enough to be affected. He put the brush away and took out a matching amber comb. He combed quickly through his eyebrows, which were bushy and flecked with grey.

I'd formed the suspicion that he might be a spy.

A few days later Arp asked me to meet him at the Grand Central end of the Times Square Shuttle at 11 pm. "Never," I replied. I *was* suffering from existential grief and angst and did consider life meaningless but hadn't, as I told him on the telephone, completely lost my marbles. "Don't worry, you'll be perfectly safe," he replied shortly. I could almost see the joyless smile on his face. "I am armed," he added, and then hung up. I'd have called him back if he'd given me any number—but he hadn't. I never would have gone if I weren't still tantalized by the possibility he'd mentioned at our last meeting—a career in scientific research.

I knew that I'd come to a place in my life in which all Adult Developmental Growth had ceased. I had to stop and remake some of the foolish decisions I'd made in the last phase ("Identity versus Role Confusion"). It was there that I'd screwed up, and thus rendered myself unable to move on and into the "Intimacy versus Isolation" stage and to traverse this one successfully. And so, against my own better judgment, I went down into the subway station at 11 pm.

He was there. On the trip to Times Square he revealed that he was an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency, and that he wanted to enlist my services in a special research project which had been given the name MK-ultra. "What does the MK stand for?" I asked. He would answer only that it was a code-name, and that I must not pursue this question further. "I only wondered," I explained, "because as it happens those were the initials of someone I knew, before she got married, that is." He looked around the half-empty subway car nervously. No one was sitting within earshot except for an old wino muttering TV commercials to himself. But of course, that could have been a cover for an operative on the Other Side.

We said nothing further until we reached Times Square and our neighbor had shuffled from the car. We were alone. Arp quickly told me the plan. I would lure a man—"of any social class," as he put it—from a bar and up to what he called a Safe House. Once there I would be expected to put a drug or knockout drop into the person's drink. "You will receive training in how to do this from a qualified magician," he told me. Then, the subject's reactions and responses would be monitored from behind a one-way mirror. This was but one part of a costly and extensive Government investigation into the underlying nature of human behavior. "Would you be interested in coming On Board?" he inquired.

I was about to answer, in the affirmative, when another passenger entered the deserted car in which we sat. I froze. He was a young man with tartar features and a stubble of beard, as lean and menacing-looking as a wildcat. Despite the heat, he wore a floor-length leather coat, open at the collar. I saw a strap of some sort across his hairless chest, and feared it might be a shoulder-holster. Arp muttered under his breath, "Pretend you're reading."

"I haven't got a book," I muttered in reply.

Arp whispered into my ear, "If he comes after us, split. It'll confuse him. We'll race through the Pan Am building and meet at the Yale Club."

The basic training was rigorous. The magician was occasionally insulting and called me a klutz. The safe house, however—a sweet little studio walkup on West 13th Street—was really camp. It was furnished with red drapes, a funny dressing table trimmed in black velveteen and a couple of awful paintings of French can-can dancers. I was some CIA operative's naive and outdated sex fantasy. But that was its charm as well. There was a large one-way mirror on the living-room wall, behind which was concealed some fancy recording equipment. It was through this mirror that the subjects' human behavior was to be observed and taped. Since I obviously wouldn't be able to wear a white laboratory coat, I was given permission to wear white cotton undies.

The first subject, acquired at a nearby bar, was a veterinarian named John Mish. I was delighted to learn that his name was John, because I always feel that there's something so *right* about a "John" whose name is actually John! He was in town attending a dog show . . . and he was, of course, lonely. He was a timid person, he admitted, and had no friends "aside, that is," he added with a shy smile, "from my many *animal* friends."

When we got to the safe house, John seemed taken aback by the decor. I offered him a drink, my hands shaking. They were shaking so badly that when I tried to slip the LSD tablet into his drink it fell to the floor. "Here," said Mish politely, jumping to his feet, "let *me* help you!" And, to my surprise and relief, he picked up the LSD and dropped it into his drink. He gulped it down at once, saying he was extremely thirsty.

Thirty minutes later he had gone completely crazy.

I still can't sort out, however, the order in which things actually happened. I only know that by then he'd torn off all of his clothes and was running around the room reciting *Black Beauty* (a children's book which he'd evidently committed to memory). Then he'd started on the somersaults. I became alarmed. When he ran to the small kitchen I started signaling to whoever it was that

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was behind the mirror, pointing to my own head and indicating that the subject had apparently become nutty. I was getting worried about my own safety because he'd begun talking about his first dog—a female poodle—in a manner that was full of innuendo. This dog, whom he'd loved deeply, had run away, it seemed: As he said this, John gave me a very odd look. As it happened, I was wearing a curly poodle-type wig that evening. I heard a kitchen drawer shutting and wondered if the CIA houses normally kept knives in the kitchen. The very thought propelled me forward and I began knocking on the one-way mirror. But if people were in there, they weren't letting me know. Had the monitoring equipment simply been left running, while everyone who was *supposed* to be there went out for coffee or a beer?

I hadn't long to wonder, for John Mish came tearing toward me, veered off suddenly, leapt up on the sofa and then jumped across to the drapes and started swinging from them. I marveled at his agility. But he had bats in his belfry, that was clear. I was relieved when he fell to the floor and knocked himself unconscious. I'd had enough human behavior to last me a lifetime.

Arp naturally was offended when I told him that I would be leaving the MK-ultra study. He said scathingly that it wasn't worth the effort to train members of the female sex because they so often failed to make use of their educational advantages. He made me feel awfully guilty. I did apologize for having used up resources and time that someone else might have used longer and more profitably. "But I didn't use up a *man's* place in this particular effort," I reminded him. "No one but a woman *could* have taken the part in the research that I was asked to take." It wasn't as if I'd taken bread out of the mouth of a potential family breadwinner!

"I'll bet, though," Arp replied nastily, "that you are leaving to get married." At this, I'll confess, I turned pretty red in the face. Because in the meanwhile it had become clear to John and myself that he would require a lot of care in the immediate future. And in Bergen County at that time—the late '50s—it was hard for a couple to simply live together and be accepted socially.

Grey Eminences, II

A House Built on Sand

by Jonathan Miller

Jungle Beach at Chilmark on Martha's Vineyard used to be the toniest *plage* in Massachusetts. A haven for bathers clothed and nude, it derived its name from the thick brush that cut it off from the island's south shore road. Reaching the beach involved hacking through the thicket, but the reward was a beach free of the crowding, vendors and photochemical oxidants of more popular spots.

That was until a syndicate led by Robert Strange McNamara won control of Jungle Beach in an estate sale. McNamara and three friends obtained the entire beach, but agreed to lease back a portion to the selectmen of Chilmark. A road was driven down to the beach, a parking lot installed and permits required for access. McNamara and friends each got to build a house, a pool and estate buildings. The price for 40 acres was under one half million. It was, said an islander with some sophistication in the local real estate market, a masterful stroke. Some of the local skinny dippers were upset, including an artist who slugged McNamara on the ferry from the mainland, then tried to push him into the water. But it was generally considered on the island that McNamara was not at all a bad fellow. Rationality had been applied to the South beach situation. Most important, there would be no subdivision at Jungle Beach.

Today, McNamara's beach has become the second most pervasive issue on the posh island, right after statehood. Recently, at McNamara's insistence, the town selectmen posted guards armed with walkie-talkies at each end of the private portion of what once was Jungle Beach, to keep bathers below the "mean low water mark," which the law defines as the limit of shoreline private property. One may walk through the water at low tide or swim by at high tide when the mean low water mark is 20 feet from the shore. But the public may not touch McNamara's dry sand under penalty of arrest. McNamara's name has been slung around the

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letters columns of the two local newspapers all summer. "It has got to be affecting him," says a neighbor. McNamara is seldom seen on Martha's Vineyard, keeping to himself on his private beach and in his house built on pilings driven into the sand. But this house built on sand is a special "moveable" house designed so as to be able to flee erosion of the beach.

McNamara's special moveable house epitomizes his escape from the world as McNamara once knew it. For McNamara, like so many others, life never has been the same since Vietnam. Not even at Chilmark, a place so elitist it should be custom-made for Robert McNamara, can he find peace.

McNamara's life hardly has been destroyed. When he freaked out in Montreal and gave some damned peacenik speech, LBJ fired him at once—but laterally, putting Bob in charge of the World Bank where he could do no harm and might even do some good. McNamara has done well. If in fact McNamara bears feelings of guilt about Vietnam, it is guilt carried in a very odd way. It is a penitence not at all of the hair shirt variety. In some ways, McNamara can look on his years since he was fired by LBJ as his best yet. After all where is LBJ, and how fares his reputation? And look at McNamara.

McNamara has been in Washington for 16 years. During this time, by conventional definitions, he has performed brilliantly. Arriving from Detroit, he burst into the Pentagon like a battalion of Green Berets, rationalizing here, reorganizing there and prioritizing everywhere. He was a star. They called him Supermac, the Human Computer. LBJ called him "the greatest invention since the telephone"—a big Texas compliment that made McNamara into a celebrity and subject for discussion around town like no one since except Henry Kissinger.

Today McNamara is seasoned. No more silly gaffes like the occasion when he admitted to defense reporters that John Kennedy's missile gap didn't exist. McNamara operates on a higher level. His personality and contacts have become international. McNamara has been born again, but not into a world inhabited by anybody normal. McNamara's resurrection has been transcendental.

McNamara's new life comes with a new kind of power, largely self-developed. It is unchecked by conventional domestic political influences. In his international circle, McNamara is at the center. But McNamara's tenure at the bank has shed little light on the longstanding mystery of his personality. "An immensely complicated man," David Halberstam said. "Horrifyingly simple," says a former employee. McNamara clearly hungers for control; at the bank he has displayed definite monarchic tendencies. His term of office extended in June for five more years, McNamara is ruler of an institution whose governors exercise little authority. McNamara's escalation of his bank's lending and his doubling of the bank's staff have given him weapons of the heaviest caliber with which to control the interaction between the bank's funders and its clients.

In Washington, a city where one's friends frequently define one's personal station, McNamara can look on the current administration with satisfaction. No fewer than three of his former Pentagon proteges—Cyrus Vance, Harold Brown and Joseph Califano—are in the Carter cabinet. Henry Kissinger consults him, Katharine Graham is close.

If the McNamaras are a little wierd, it is in that eccentric way that the great may be permitted to be non-conformists. They play tennis very early on Sunday mornings at St. Albans, and devote Sunday afternoons to religion. Mrs. McNamara has a well-attended Bible class. It is popular with bank employees, who tend to come for the occasions when McNamara himself leads the discussion.

McNamara has attained a position of eminence and authority that, like a Pope's, comes with its very own cloak of mystery. He is a survivor, a fixture, not without enemies but well able to overcome the handful of obstacles they may sometimes be able to toss in his path. William Simon tried to take on McNamara during the Ford administration by demanding a "lid" on World Bank lending. But the "lid" was removed earlier this year and the World Bank's lending next year will be $6.1 billion—and where is Bill Simon?

McNamara's friends, on the other hand, are men (and one woman) of the greatest influence, entrenched members of a ruling elite that has influence and power no matter who is in the White House. Henry Kissinger protected McNamara from Nixon. Kay Graham, it appears, may have helped protect McNamara from reporters of *The Washington Post*. On at least two occasions McNamara has "reported" *Post* reporters to Graham following peculiar emotional episodes which McNamara is wont to suffer. The victims were defense reporter George Wilson and business reporter Hobart Rowan. When Wilson and Rowan asked questions McNamara didn't like, he "blew his cool," the reporters say. "I guess you would call it a rant," Rowan said. "In 30 years of reporting I hadn't been subjected to that kind of abuse." Graham ordered the *Post*'s "ombudsman" to investigate Rowan's behavior. Rowan has since lost control of the financial pages, and while he has been permitted to continue to write about McNamara, it is not without the chilling knowledge of his publisher's personal interest in what he says.

McNamara apparently finds it hard to cope with other people except in settings that are pre-sanitized. He is surrounded by young, well-paid executives who guard him from dangerous contacts and who make sure that the questions of journalists are not permitted to go beyond the "proper scope." The World Bank's press operation, run by bank vice-president William Clark, is an integral part of McNamara's personal barricade.

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Aides say they "must rationalize the time" of their boss and that he "won't see any Tom, Dick or Harry." McNamara won't grant interviews to journalists without prior submission of an "outline" of the proposed article and a detailed list of questions. He will talk only about international economic development—not about his personal life, and most assuredly not about US policy past or present. International etiquette forbids it, his aides insist.

McNamara's determination to avoid dealing with people who will not relate to him on pre-determined terms extends to the bank's own staff. Only a close-knit inner circle, including Clark and bank vice-president Hollis B. Chenery, an econometrician, have regular access to McNamara. Others must communicate in writing through predetermined "channels." "The bank is not a very democratic institution," says an economics professor who used to consult there.

McNamara takes his work at the bank very seriously. He can become visibly distraught when he discusses the problems of the poor. At last year's World Bank meeting in Manila he broke down and cried during his address. These incidents are no act, say those who have viewed them; McNamara is wholly consumed by his mission and believes utterly in its necessity for human survival. Of course, McNamara was sincere at the Pentagon, too. Sincerity as a quality has little to recommend it without knowing what one is being sincere about.

It is said that when McNamara arrived at the World Bank in 1968 he kept slipping and using the word "billion" when he meant to say "million." He overcame this difficulty by changing the bank instead of his habits of speech. Before McNamara, the bank was lending money to underdeveloped countries—its principal function—at a rate of $777 million a year. In 1977 it will lend $5.8 billion and the figure is increasing rapidly.

The list of World Bank clients includes an almost complete list of the world's dictatorships—left and right, petty and grandiose. There is precious little evidence that McNamara has done anything to encourage human rights as a condition for his generous extensions of credit, financed primarily from contributions by the public and private sectors of the industrialized nations, and also, more recently, the OPEC countries. McNamara recently talked Congress out of placing moral restrictions on the use of US contributions to the World Bank. He claimed the bank would refuse any money with strings attached. Critics have suggested that McNamara, along with friend Henry Kissinger, has come to the conclusion that democratic institutions are not suitable in a developing world that needs increased efficiency and order.

There is a deafening silence from McNamara on these issues. In the guise of an "international civil servant" he declines to respond to questions about the propriety of unconditional World Bank loans to countries that violate human rights. McNamara's busy PR men issue voluminous material which is distributed around the world in multiple languages, but human rights issues never are discussed.

It is hard to see that the explosion in World Bank loans—however sincerely motivated—has brought the world any closer to freedom from poverty. Indeed, with the assistance of the World Bank's newest patrons, the Arabs, the problem for the very poor has grown worse. Like welfare clients, they exist largely on handouts. Simultaneously they acquire a heavy burden of debt. At last count, the poor countries owed the World Bank $40 billion, much of which never will be repaid. The bank's enormous volume of lending really is primarily technical achievement, of the kind McNamara likes best.

One intriguing aspect of McNamara's tenure at the World Bank that has gotten surprisingly little attention is his obsessive interest in population control. First enunciated, daringly, at Notre Dame University in 1969, McNamara's theories on the subject have expanded to include fairly Draconian solutions. At a speech at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in April, McNamara reflected tolerantly on government coercion to promote a "social consensus" on birth control. He said, "No government really wants to resort to coercion in this matter. But neither can any government afford to let population pressures grow so dangerously large that social frustrations finally erupt into irrational violence and civil disintegration. That would be coercion of a very different order. In effect, it would be nature's response to our own indifference."

A shared vigorous attitude toward birth control may help explain McNamara's enthusiasm for the former government of India's Indira Gandhi. McNamara visited Gandhi in India. His generous largesse to her regime disgusted American ambassador William Saxbe, who claimed McNamara was going around the country "waving dollar bills." The Indian people were not as enthusiastic about Mrs. Gandhi's decision to use compulsion to achieve population control targets.

McNamara never has spoken out on Vietnam. The subject is reported by those close to him to be so painful that he is "incapable" of discussing it. This refusal to discuss Vietnam also conveniently extends to a refusal to discuss in public anything else that no longer suits him. Few are so successful as McNamara in accomplishing this defiance of everyone.

Is McNamara now wise? There is no evidence to suggest so, since he has avoided even the most ceremonious expressions of regret or doubt. "Dazzled by the possibilities of technology I devoted crucial years of my life to serving it," Albert Speer wrote. "But in the end, my feelings about it are highly skeptical." Of course, Speer went to Spandau. McNamara has gone to Chilmark, where he enjoys his new role as an international humanitarian living in a house built on sand.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Filmland Revisited

Filmland is back. Of course it never went away, it's just more noticeable lately. The present scarcity of other kinds of films, which come and go, makes the persistence of Filmland films more obvious.

Filmland, equally obviously, isn't where films are made. It's where some films have their entire existence: a domain free of the laws of nature and the strictures of experience. We've all seen astronauts in their space capsules moving about free of the law of gravity; well, the characters in Filmland films are free of *any* of the laws that govern you and me. Through all of Hollywood's existence, Filmland films have been its staple. (And the staple of every country's filmmaking. Some other countries have had a larger percentage of exceptions, but they were exceptions.) For decades Filmland was a source of satire for some and of pleasure for many—including those who satirized it. In recent years, certain critics have been telling us that Filmland films are more weighty than they were thought to be; but the arguments for weight usually turn out to be sociological or mythological. Or, if sheerly cinematic, they exclude the correlatives of experience from criticism just as rigorously (though differently) as Hollywood excluded them when the films were being made. All these arguments seem fundamentally embarrassed by Filmland, no matter how tigerishly they seize on it as critical material.

To me, the chief interest of these pictures is that they *are* Filmland films. Two new examples have come along. One is *The Other Side of Midnight* (20th Century-Fox), made from a novel by Sidney Sheldon. (The literary equivalent of Filmland is always on the bestseller list.) It begins just before World War II, so we know the war is going to figure. Two separate plots are started, so we know they're going to interweave. One plot is about a French girl, her progress from innocence to sexual virtuosity and film stardom and alliance with a Greek shipping zillionaire. (Guess who.) The other plot is about a pert American girl (whose dialogue would never have been uttered by that girl in the 1940s) and her war-pilot husband. The interweavings are too complicated and pointless to detail. The *motions* of the story are clearly designed for one purpose: to stimulate fantasy—even more after the picture than while it's being watched.

Charles Jarrott, the director, did *Anne of the Thousand Days*, of which I saw 20 minutes, and the re-make of *Lost Horizon*, of which I declined to see any. His work lives up to expectations. Marie-France Pisier, who gave the best performance in *Cousin, Cousine* as the hero's neurotic wife, does what she can with her thumb-drawn character. Raf Vallone is the tycoon, a role he more or less played before in *Phaedra* (1962). (And that wasn't the first fictional use of an Onassis. In 1960 Warren Tute published a novel called *The Golden Greek*.)

March or Die (Columbia) is presented by the same man who presented *Voyage of the Damned*, Sir Lew Grade. (I keep thinking his first name is Low.) It's about the French Foreign Legion, right after World War I, and has an assorted band of damned souls. Dick Richards, the director, who did the murky remake of *Farewell, My Lovely*, wrote the story with David Zelag Goodman. The latter wrote the script of *Straw Dogs* with Sam Peckinpah, so you can't say Richards wasn't warned.

It's their bad luck that their picture came out a couple of weeks after Marty Feldman's parody of *Beau Geste;* but if Feldman had never been born—an interesting idea in itself—it wouldn't have helped *March or Die.*

The plot has to do with an archaeological dig in Morocco to find treasures that will glorify France though it will cost Legionnaires' lives because of Arab opposition. A lost-soul woman tags along, like a wispy revenant of Dietrich in *Morocco*, a woman never without *haute couture* and *coiffure* no matter where she is. A tough major, who has seen Hell in the trenches, pits himself against a sheikh who respects him but will fight him to the death. (It's like a tale of the US Cavalry vs. the Apaches bound in Morocco.)

Richards has just enough gift to imitate some of his betters in seeing and editing. The cinematography of John Alcott, who did *Barry Lyndon*, is much better than the picture, as it was in *Barry Lyndon*. Gene Hackman is a soporific disgrace to himself as the major. Catherine Deneuve is the woman and manages not to giggle at the dumbness of what she is doing. Terence Hill, born Mario Girotti, a star of Italian westerns, is boring as a roguish Legionnaire. Those good actors Max von Sydow (archaeologist) and Ian Holm (Arab chief) are billed and seem to be there.

The one relation between this picture and *Other Side*—but a strong relation—is that neither gives a damn about credibility. They don't strain it, they simply disregard it. They appeal to a residual appetite for escapism—not escape from Grand Rapids to Greece, Milwaukee to Morocco, but from the obligations of reality anywhere. There's a discernible difference between pic-

Films Worth Seeing

Annie Hall. Woody Allen's best, and pretty good. He rollicks among his neuroses with more deftness—as writer, director, and performer—than before.

The Best Way. A struggle between two counselors in a summer camp to find out which of them is more male. French and fairly delicate.

High Street. Annie Cordy as a Brussels woman driven mad by the Germans' murder of her husband and child. A wonderful performance in a weakish film.

We're Not the Jet Set. Robert Duvall—yes, the same one—directed this documentary about a big Nebraska family on a big farm. Salty and alive.

SK

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tures of this kind and, say, the fantasy of *Star Wars* and the virtual fantasy of James Bond. Sci-fi and Bond openly declare that they are not of our world, but these pictures are in the old theater tradition of melodrama; and melodrama, as Eric Bentley said, is naturalistic—with the naturalism of the dream life.

Film melodrama, too, has that dream-naturalism, but it also has a special quality—a sharing of self-consciousness with the audience. The viewer is asked to be *aware* that this film exists in Filmland, aware that—no matter how authentic the locations—this is a studio fabrication. The very point is to luxuriate in the special power of film to look like life at the same time that it exercises fantasy, for the film to say "Look what I can do for you" and for the viewer to know it's being done.

So, although both of these recent examples are pretty dreadful in themselves, I wasn't entirely sorry to know that they existed. I hope I don't have to see anything as bad as either one for a long time to come, but at least they are reminders of a continuing basic force in film, a force more nakedly visible at the times when the super-structure of better films—for which, in my view, the force exists—is thin.

Film, like the theater before it and still, is a public form. High art in the theater is an exception; high art in the film is an exception. Before the day of film, the theater lived most of the time just the way the film now lives most of the time, by empowering lowest-common denominator fantasy in a large audience. The biggest weakness in the theater today, as a form, is not that great plays are not being written (how often *have* they been written in 2500 years?); the weakness is that its most vulgar function, its common-humanity, fantasy-provoking function, has been taken over by other forms. This function helped to provide a base for the artistic pyramid; the best thrived through and because of the vulgar. Nowadays the theater is mostly either serious work of middle-class adulterations of serious work, hardly any true vulgar being at all. Which is to say, it hasn't much connection to the easy gratification of easy fantasy.

Film does have that connection, and will have as long as it exists: television, which too has that connection, cannot take it away from film the way film took it away from the theater. I can't imagine a film world that consists only of the two elements in the theater noted above—a film world, let's say, made up only of Renoirs and Stanley Kramers. Besides, because of the nature of the film medium, *all* films have access to fantasy more surely than all plays, *La Grande Illusion* as well as *Other Side*.

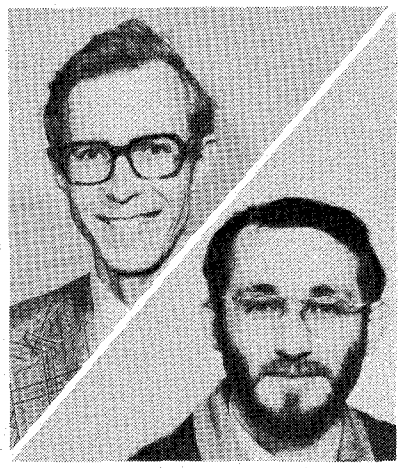
The best films want to do more than feed fantasy: *Other Side* and *March* want to do nothing else. But once in a while—a very long while, please—it doesn't hurt to get an ecumenical reminder.

B. H. Haggin on music

New York Concert Season

The Vienna Philharmonic bassoonist whose comments on Barenboim's conducting I reported a few months ago made an interesting point once about Bruno Walter, under whom he had played in concerts and opera. The flaw in Walter's symphonic conducting, he said, was its rhythmic weakness—the liberties in tempo that destroyed coherent structure in a symphony of Beethoven or Schubert; but this weakness did not prevent him from producing highly effective performances of opera. It is normal for opera singers to take the liberties in tempo—*e.g.*, the liberty of prolonging a phrase excessively—that are destructive of rhythmic coherence; and whereas Toscanini—as insistent on coherent shape in an opera of Verdi as in a symphony of Beethoven or Schubert—held the singers' expressive plasticity within the limits of that coherent shape, Walter fitted his own liberties around those of the singers so skillfully that his performances of the operas of Mozart and Verdi in the '20s and '30s were outstanding.

As it happened, I had observed a similar inequality in the work of the conductor Zubin Mehta. I had heard him



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produce effective performances of opera at the Metropolitan, and had therefore been surprised by his ineffective performances of orchestral works on records; but these hadn't prepared me for a performance of Beethoven's Ninth with his Los Angeles Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall that was the worst orchestral and musical operation in my experience since Barenboim's with the London Symphony. Like Barenboim, Mehta did not achieve the orchestral balance required for good sound and clear texture, or give the progression enlivening inflection and coherent shape; so that one heard an opaque mass of coarse sound that was drowned every now and then by the thunder of kettledrums, in shapeless statements of the work's four movements. Trying to account for the earlier good performances of opera, I found the explanation in the fact that at the Metropolitan he had conducted an excellent orchestra which, after years of rehearsal and performance of the repertory, was able to perform adequately in *Aida* or *Il Trovatore* even with an ineffectual conductor, and which, in addition, was accustomed to listen to the singers, and on occasion to go along with their singing when it was more persuasive or compelling than the movements of the conductor's baton; so that while the movements of Mehta's baton had presented an image of assured mastery in the operation, he could actually have been fitting them to what was being done by the singers and orchestra.

It is several years since that performance of Beethoven's Ninth; and Mehta has been appointed Boulez's successor as musical director of the New York Philharmonic. Interested in what he would achieve with this major orchestra, I went to hear the one program he conducted it in last March; and as it happened the opening work was the Mozart Symphony K.338 that I heard Michael Tilson Thomas perform with the orchestra a few years ago. I can best describe Mehta's performance by saying that as a mere technical operation of conductor with orchestra it did not produce the finely drawn lines of luminous sound balanced in clear textures that Thomas produced, and as a musical operation it did not impart to the work the lightness, grace and verve, the style in phrasing, of Thomas's performance. And the performance of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* that ended the concert revealed Mehta's total lack of the sense for correct proportion in change of tempo and sonority. Crescendos were excessive even in the quiet introduction; and the climaxes in the Allegro that followed brought explosions from the kettledrums which were nothing compared with the deafening noise of brass and percussion in the March to the Scaffold. Recalling the beautiful-sounding *fortissimos* that Boulez had produced in Mahler's Third at the Philharmonic's opening concert last fall, I didn't agree with the reviewers' charitable conjecture that Mehta hadn't yet adjusted to the acoustics of reconstructed Avery Fisher Hall: they didn't need adjusting to; and Mehta had produced his noisy Beethoven Ninth in Carnegie Hall.

At the Philharmonic's final concerts of the season, which ended Boulez's connection with the orchestra, his parting gift to the public, to remember in the years ahead, was the sound he got the orchestra to produce in a beautifully shaped, lyrical and warmly expressive performance of Berlioz's *The Damnation of Faust*—a sound the public is not likely to hear from that orchestra again in the near future. Randall Jarrell once quoted Goethe as saying, "In the face of the great superiority of another person there is no means of safety but love." Not for the Philharmonic players faced by Boulez, who found their safety in dismissing him as concerned solely with the correct note at the correct time, not, as *they* were, with the making of music. Nor for the critic who found his safety in citing these players' assessment in support of his own view of Boulez as one whose "coldly correct musical manners" were "unsuited to a romantic, picturesque score"—Mahler's Third last fall, and now Berlioz's *Damnation*, of which Boulez had produced an "unemotional, prosaic account."

A concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall gave me my first experience of the conducting of Riccardo Muti, who is expected to succeed Ormandy when he retires. The one major work of the program was Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet*, of which five instrumental sections were performed: Introduction, Romeo Alone—Sadness—Festivities at the Capulets', Love Scene, Queen Mab Scherzo, Romeo in the Tomb of the Capulets. These present difficulties of execution—above all in the Queen Mab Scherzo—that call for a virtuoso orchestra led by a virtuoso conductor; and the performance demonstrated Muti's ability to obtain from the orchestra the phenomenal playing it is capable of. They present also difficulties of musical realization that demand a conductor on the highest level of musical insight, judgment and taste; and the musical progressions revealed Muti's sense for coherent shape, but also a tendency to play what Berlioz marked *poco f* or *poco sf* or *poco cresc.* as *molto f, molto sf, molto cresc.*, which in the Love Scene destroyed the expressive effect Berlioz's markings were intended to produce—the delicacy of feeling in the young lovers' *"premiers transports, premiers aveux, premiers serments."*

And finally, I attended a concert of the Guarneri Quartet in Alice Tully Hall to find out whether the group had made any changes in its performance of Schubert's Quartet Op. 161 in the few years since I heard it at the YMHA. The work, though rarely played, is fully as great as the familiar *Death and the Maiden* Quartet, and exhibits its greatness in the way all of Schubert's major works do—in the alternation of deeply affecting quiet writing with outbursts of overwhelming power. And the only recorded performance I know is the Budapest Quartet's on the mono record issued in the '50s and now reissued on an Odyssey record. It was the Budapest performance from which I formed my idea of the work—an idea that derived its authority for me from the rightness of expressive effect the four movements had in the tempos that were the ones prescribed by Schubert: I. *Allegro molto moderato*, II. *Andante un poco moto*, III. *Allegro vivace*, IV. *Allegro assai*. At the YMHA a few years ago, therefore, I was unprepared for—and left unconvinced by—the Guarneri's slow tempos for the first, second and fourth movements—a tempo for the first that was slower than any conceivable *allegro*, a tempo for the second that was slower than any conceivable *andante*, and a tempo for the finale that reduced the *perpetuum mobile* rush, breathaking in its driving energy and momentum, to a leisurely saunter. At Tully Hall last spring, I am glad to report, the first and second movements were played more animatedly and therefore more effectively; but the finale was again the ineffective saunter.

My recollection is that the Schubert quartet was preceded by a superb performance of Haydn's Quartet Op. 77 No. 1; and the concert ended with Fauré's Piano Quartet Op. 15, which I found as uninteresting this time as when I last heard it 30 years ago at a Harvard Fauré festival, but in which Anton Querti added extraordinarily beautiful playing of the piano part to the equally outstanding playing of Dalley, Tree and Soyer.

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Eleven for Summer

From poems submitted to The New Republic *we print these eleven, variously dedicated to summery or late summery moods and occasions. Variously indeed; a reader may ponder here the wide spectrum of styles that present expectations in poetry allow (for however one may respond to them or rate them, all of these examples are alive as of 1977). It is even easy to see several kinds of spectrum: say, from the stylish invention of "To A Muse," all a-shine with overlapping scales of idiom, to the open-work in "The Pines of Rome," whose author happily dares to pile up four big cliche abstractions in the last four lines; or, say, from the illumination of "Yellow," exclusively of the present, to the very odor and pain of the past in "At A Confederate Cemetery," or, say, from the classic and sustained rhyming grace of "Floating" to the rough magic of "Tiny Spinning Wheel Concerto," as odd as a Bosch porcupine. One imperative probably unites them all: not to let matters rest where the lazy-minded, lazy-hearted, or lazy-tongued would leave them, but to honor experience by making something of it, something itself an experience, if possible.* —R. F.

To A Muse

Give us something on the level
Of the times you appeared unsummoned
At corner tables afternoon
Or night there among red and gold
Reflections flashing in spilled draughts.
You say all but nothing so well,
Figures on point and adagio
As for a two-step in the white act.
Sometimes angel, sometimes a man,
You have no theories but music
And what charms if not obsessions,
Ironies, ancient medals, new coins?
The air burns with the trace of where
You spoke—never twice the same spot.
The idea's to strike, then vanish,
Your only object what comes next,
The moment just now beginning.

Alfred Corn

Witness

Chilled moonrise, his mother now in bed,
her terror tranquilizing with the cold idea—
we scoured the neighborhood with searchlights,
the woods behind his school; the lumberyard's
cesspool, a black moon in the grass, called
everyone and no one, called to me.
Jackknifed in the pipe, he could not shimmy up
the mud and ooze, the narrow walls collapsing,
dark water notching up his spine.
Did he see me swimming in the glazed eye
of light he woke to, did he wake at all,
as the icy noose of water tightened around
his chin? The north star of the squad car
flashing. Navigating by touch and shadow,
our lasso caught his feet. We tugged.
His head slipped deeper in the cavity.
Helpless, I held my breath. Hand over hand,
we hauled him up and out into the humming air:
limp and shivering, feet first.
He swung a long moment over us, shiny,
bigger than we thought, his face bruised blue
by that metallic light. Cold gravity; release.
He whined like nothing human in my arms.

Jane Shore

September Song

Suddenly as a man might die, or slowly,
the bond is shriveling and giving way.

The old king sticks enchanted beside me.
I must give in to his every dying whim.

Violence hangs in the hazy air.
I put it there.

Sun sinks behind the hills and light goes blue
but the year's turning lingers, the week crawls.

Kitchen where three, four generations snacked
at midnight is deserted.

I'm awake. One day we climbed Burke Mountain to salute
two endings from on high. Hail and farewell:

with radiator boiling, up we toiled
to a flat space of clarity and cold.

Fall spread her colors out, a gaudy preview
turned to reprise, world before man, or after.

Descending, manmade squares came into focus:
shorn acres cubed to human property.

Such squaring cures the ills of civilization,
souls paired in wood, surrounded by tall trees.

What new infection grabs me by the ears,
hammers my heart, softens my knees to jelly?

My king, oh my new victim,
you are the precious target I approach

through the long grass of a field that is finally dying.
The leaves of the chokecherry trees are turning yellow,

a strawberry blossom turns its untimely star on,
a single gladiola trumpets whiteness.

Curtain of green all giving way at once,
saying the same sentence over and over,

oh possibilities of change in the western sky,
and where will I be come winter?

Rachel Hadas

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The Knife

for David Tillinghast

What was it I wonder?
in my favorite weather in the pouring rain
that drew me like a living hand
What was it
like a living hand
that spun me off the freeway
and stopped me
on a sidestreet in California
with the rain pelting slick leaves down my windshield

to see the words of my brother's poem
afloat in the bright air,
and the knife I almost lost
falling end over end through twenty years
to the depths of Spring River—

the knife I had cut a fish open with
caught in time
the instant where it falls
through a green flame of living water.

My one brother,
who saw more in the river than water
who understood what the fathers knew,
dove from the Old Town canoe
plunged and found his place
in the unstoppable live water

seeing with opened eyes
the green glow on the rocks
and the willows running underwater
like leaves over clear glass in the rain—

While the long-jawed, predatory fish
the alligator gar
watched out of prehistory
schooled in the water like shadows
unmoved in the current
watched but did not wonder.

And the cold raw-boned
white-skinned boy
curls off his dive in deep water
and *sees* on the slab-rock
filling more space than the space it fills:

that which was lost,
the knife *knife*

with the current swift all around it

and fishblood denser than our blood
still stuck to the pike-jaw knifeblade
which carries a shape like the strife of brothers
—old as blood—
the staghorn handle smooth as time.

Now I call to him
and now I see
David burst into the upper air
gasping as he brings to the surface our grandfather's knife
shaped now, for as long as these words last,
like all things saved from time:

I see in its steel
the worn gold on my father's hand
the light in those trees
the look on my son's face a moment old

like the river old like rain
older than anything that dies can be.

Richard Tillinghast

Floating

As the unmoored weed drifts wide,
Wrack on the running tide,
So does my body ride

With limbs that trail and loll
In this chill lap that all
But parts to let me fall.

Not the sun's great white eye
That stares from the dim sky
At height of mid-July

Can touch me with its heat
Or quicken the numbed beat
At the blood's vital seat,

For I am sea-possessed:
Rocked in the changeful rest
Of the tide-run, crest on crest.

Through half-closed lids I see
Garden and house swing free
From ash and maple tree

And then, receding, fade
Into the shape and shade
Of shores forever stayed.

And the ledges blur and drown
Off silent Indiantown
Where I go drifting down,

Fetched up at last, aswim
On the tide's utmost brim
That floods the wrack-wreathed rim

Till it can reach no higher:
As the slackening swells retire,
Beached, bleached beyond desire;

Scoured as with silver fire.

Marie Borroff

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Day of Wrath

September silence sags over the field.
Faded summer denims flap with fatigue
on a neighbor's clothesline.
No birds sing, only crickets and katydids.
Yesterday the heaven twittered with swallows;
today at noon the wires are swept empty
of occupants. From an enormous distance
the crow cries out his carrion comfort.
The pasture, lately mowed, noses aside its yellow bristles
with a new cropspill of bluegreen autumn blades.
The sun sizzles on rocks, striking raisinly wrinkles
into the unpicked grapes, which white-tailed hornets
ignore, to feast on the drowsy flies
who do not hear them coming.
The marsh tides move like syrup.
Their dark water stirs the seed-heavy grasses
like masts of sloops at anchor.
Beechnut hulls bristle under the
toughening hats of their leafage.
Gardens have been harvested of beans and corn.
The dry soil flourishes mostly with immigrants:
brussels sprouts, broccoli, *aubergines, poireaux.*
Shortening days turn crisp after nightfall.
By day the air still hums with the sound of sleep.
This afternoon is tangled in its silence
until a yellow dog, posted to guard an empty house,
lets out a howl. His desertedness will never end.
No man will cross the road for his relief.
His work of watching will go on forever.

Peter Davison

The Pines of Rome

It was easy for Respighi to write music
about these umbrella pines,
each a work of art in itself,
and each an evocative image of harmony
traced along the deep blue
of the Roman sky.
Other trees may astonish us by their sheer size,
leaving us dumbfounded
in detached
admiration,
but these pines of Rome
call us out of ourselves and we seem to hear
the thunder of legions
two thousand years old reverberating through the trunk,
the leaves and branches,
and we feel a presence
abiding
in the wide, out-spread, inviting limbs
of these Roman pines, a spirit
that crowns the landscape
with a sense of its majesty.
The old nobility survives
and its sovereignty makes no claims
except upon the beautiful.

Ray Flemming

At a Confederate Cemetery Near Resaca, Georgia

Where a side road breaks through the yellow wood,
A graveyard carries up to meet a wall;
Its sunless company, in all likelihood,
Charged beyond the bugle's shrill recall
Into the teeth of sweepfire; their salient
Brought them low, and low their cold bones lie
Now, where a woman's hand is evident,
A woman who refused to magnify
The scale of circumstance mankilling is,
And buried them, not rank by rank, but by
A firm belief in their regenesis.

So circle within circle, the headstones wheel
Around a granite cross that she somehow set
In a crude font; ivy and oxalis spill
Out over the limestone trough, dripping wet,
And as an atom's nucleus maintains
Its charged electrons in rings no man can see,
So each poor grave, with mast and berry stains,
Keeps its valence for eternity
Around the cross, close but at a distance.

Now the odor of morphine in the powdery
Twilight trails a ghostly ambulance,
Its rattling opens the past to my mind:
I see the woman untangling legs and arms,
Looking for a husband whom she will never find,
While wild dogs howl madly near the farms.

The soul can suffer no paralysis
Once free; like the woman, we honor in its stead
But a form, yet how importantly; except for this
We are all on equal footing with the dead.

Andrew Baird

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Supper on the Terrace

I

What is unusual about the scene is not
Reality: the stiffness of the tablecloth,
The silver dish of celery and olives,
The waiters, their lowered voices in the dusk
Covering the sounds of knives or their quick hands
Lighting first candles under the walnut trees.

Nor is it the evening itself, or more precisely
Its perfection—the soft breeze in your sleeves,
Beyond the wall the lake still bright
With sunset and above the early phantom
Moon, as though in search of lovers—nothing
About it is quite unexpected.

You watch the shadows slip beneath the trees.
You sip at the ice water absently.
Along the wall the couples whisper and nod
And the strange women, the last light in their hair,
Smile at strange companions, cross their legs,
Smoke their cigarettes in the twilit air.

II

Nothing could be less abstract than the terrace:
Voices, the deep evening air, the clink
Of silverware on plates, the grass between the stones.
Yet there is something you are trying to comprehend,
As though the picture of evening were contrived,
Were understandable and so not real.

You watch the women you will never know.
Their lives are without meaning, scattered
Among the tables by the wall, the sunset streaming
Over their long passions, their invisible
Futures, all of it a pointless grace,
Beauty by candle light before the dark.

And the illusion remains to the very end:
Perhaps you will love one of them. But even this
Is a hope out of place beneath the walnut trees;
The desire cannot be isolated, a woman
Taken from her table and made real:
Say everything is connected without form.

III

A cup of coffee in an empty room.
Afternoon sunlight falls across the air.
Among the books it still seems difficult
To find a sufficiently careful idiom
To take the measure of things; the figures
Move at will within the silent room.

The sun on your lids, you set the coffee down,
And conjure the murmuring waiters and the breeze;
You can even, if you try, recall desire.
But what you know is still what you can say,
And as evening on the terrace, even here,
Becomes real it becomes unknowable.

What you cannot express is that your life
Is certain beyond your understanding,
Or not at all: the facts of it diverge.
The women vanish; you slowly open your eyes
To find the room deep gold with afternoon
And lift your coffee cup without surprise.

Tom Johnson

yellow

the sun lowering through the porch windows
rinses everything I look at with little suns
the metallic skin of the ocean
the western air opening wide
reels me into its yellow mouth
as it swallows the rocker, the book
I am reading, the watery golden panes

Ruth Whitman

Tiny Spinning Wheel Concerto

I love you singly, as tinkers do, with the sound of chandeliers ringing
    together
on the windy afternoons of that stubborn century,
when the animals' noses left some of their warmth near the hand-hewn houses,
and human beings slept through the long nights, rolling slowly down
    the hill of sleep,
in their dreams angels visited old men, and a monster wept for his sins,
then helped to repair the spinning wheel . . .
later the house had children and joined a pilgrimage
to St. James of Compostela, walking on two furry legs no one had noticed . . .

Robert Bly

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Afterthoughts on Material Civilization and Capitalism by Fernand Braudel translated by Patricia M. Ranum

(Johns Hopkins; $7.95)

Fernand Braudel is a legend in his time. He is now retired from his chair in the Collège de France, that summit of French academe where scholars are paid to do their own work and talk about it to the general public—no matriculated students, no examinations, no placement problems. But for scholar-administrators like Braudel, retirement is no more than a formality. He remains active in the Maison des Sciences de l'Homme, France's primary institution for research in the behavioral sciences. He founded it, found funding for it (including American support), and headed it for many years. Before that he presided over the famous Sixième Section of the École des Hautes Études, a graduate school in social science founded many years ago with the express aim of freeing instruction in this area from the administrative and departmental constraints of the regular university program. For a generation, then, Braudel has directed the avant-garde of the French historical profession—naming and promoting; supervising the publication of the house organ, *Annales: Economies, Sociétés, Civilisations;* channeling the flow of money and talent; sending Frenchmen abroad and bringing foreign scholars to France; molding a generation in the image of what has come to be known as the *Annales* school: the historian is interested in everything.

Braudel's own reputation as a scholar has rested on his monumental doctoral dissertation, which like many other French *thèses d'Etat* took more than 20 years to write: *Le Méditerranée et le monde méditerranéen à l'époque de Philippe II* (1st ed., 1949; 2d ed., 2 vols. 1966). This is an essay in total regional history, a landmark in a tradition that goes back in France to the great human geographies of Vidal de la Blache and his students, married to the synthetic history proclaimed by Marc Bloch and Lucien Febvre, the founders of *Annales* and its school. It describes history as a highway with lanes moving at different speeds: the slow time track of physical and biological change, the somewhat faster calendar of social and economic develpment, the high-speed sequence of political events. The book had great impact in France, reinforced by the administrative power of its author. It had less influence in the United States, partly because we had our own tradition of general history (thus the "New History" of Robinson and Beard), partly because this combination of breadth and erudition was not easily emulated within the American career pattern—our students cannot spend a quarter-century completing the doctorate. American historians, moreover, tend to find their intellectual stimulus in controversies that grow out of more specialized work. Broad overviews, by way of contrast, are harder to work with: one may or may not agree with them, but they are not easily subject to verification and disproof.

It was not until 1972, then, that *La Méditerranée* apeared in an English translation. This brought Braudel to the attention of a large American audience, both lay and professional. A lead review in the Sunday *New York Times* (May 18, 1975) called the book "the most significant historical work of our time," "both the crowning achievement of postwar French historiography and the fullest revelation of its intentions." Scholarly meetings devoted special sessions to discussions of the work and that of the *Annales* school. This somewhat belated recognition was climaxed earlier this year by the inauguration of a Fernand Braudel Center for the Study of Economies, Historical Systems and Civilizations at SUNY-Binghampton. (The reader will have noted the similarity to but slight difference from the title of *Annales*.) This is the kind of honor usually reserved for the deceased.

The present volume is the translation of a set of three lectures that Braudel gave at Johns Hopkins in 1976. It is at once a summary and preview of Braudel's current project—a multivolume history of "material civilization and capitalism in the pre-industrial era (1400-1800)" of which only the first volume has been published. The lectures give us an insight into the assumptions, perceptions, and intellectual processes of the master. They deal with elementals: How many people were there? What did they eat? How did they dress? What were their houses like? How did they live? How did they die? This is the history of the day-to-day—not noble history, but just as exciting, Braudel writes, "as the fate of Charles V's empire or the fleeting and debatable splendors of the so-called French primacy during the reign of Louis XIV." The lectures themselves are an exercise in deceptive simplicity—weighty observations in a lively, light tone. Europeans, Braudel notes, chose cereal grains as the basis of their diet, wheat in particular. Wheat devours the soil and forces it to rest regularly; this choice implied and permitted the raising of livestock. Hence a large capital in animals, plows, carts; plus, he might have added, in storage facilities, if only to carry over to the next harvest. (Wheat growing conduces to saving and investment.) Rice, by contrast, required intensive cultivation with little room for animals: "This explains why meat constitutes such a small part of the diet in rice-growing areas."

Braudel sees the world of getting and

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spending in his period as a kind of layer cake—one of co-existence among a huge subsistence substratum, a market economy punctuating and penetrating this mass, and a capitalist peak, organizing, transforming, manipulating, ordering the hierarchy of economic actors. (He seems to like tripartite schemas.) Capitalism is not the larger system of private enterprise for exchange; it is, Braudel writes, "the perfect term for designating economic activities that are carried on at the summit, or that are striving for the summit . . . it represents the high profit zone." Capitalism in this sense was not confined to Europe, but it was in Europe that it had freest play and Europe that was the great beneficiary of the new economic order. Braudel sees this "world-economy" as a hierarchy of dependency and inequality, with the rich and powerful at the center (Genoa, then Antwerp, then Amsterdam, then London, then New York), an intermediate zone of intermediaries and agents, used and using; and a periphery of lesser producers and traders (lesser breeds?) at lower levels. His vision here conforms to that of a large body of anti-colonialist, anti-imperialist writers (*cf.* the work of André Gunder Frank on Latin America). If I may paraphrase:

Small fish have big fish upon their tails to eat 'em,
And big fish have bigger fish, and so ad infinitum.

Braudel does not like capitalism, then; but in this little book his criticism is muted, and he abstains from proposing or extolling a substitute. Perhaps this was a concession to his audience. French intellectuals tend to take anticapitalism for granted, to see it almost as a shibboleth of good sense and decency; but they think of Americans as self-segregated thralls of an older mind-set. Braudel may have felt he was being polite.

It is true that American scholars do not treat an anti-capitalist interpretation of economic history as axiomatic. That may be our parochialism. But there is parochialism and parochialism. *Time* tells us that Braudel's "sweeping view" is particularly influential now because of its universalism. American scholarship is "torn by internecine warfare" among the exponents of quantitative history ("cliometricians"), psycho-historians, social-scientific historians, historians from the bottom up, historians from the top down. Regius Professor Trevor-Roper of Oxford describes Braudel's work as "a kind of history which crosses all frontiers and uses all techniques. The achievement is to have drawn geography, sociology, law, ideas into the broad stream of history and thereby to have refreshed that stream, which previously had been running dangerously dry" (*Time*, May 23, 1977).

And yet, for a general synthesis, Braudel's study is singularly truncated. Its geographical focus remains that of his *magnum opus*: the Mediterranean, its offshoots in the Low Countries, its colonies overseas, with side glances at the great Asian civilizations of China, India, Islam. Northwestern Europe, and Britain particularly, is neglected, and with it a most important (the most important?) aspect of the material history of those centuries: industrial production and technical change. The drama of the Mediterranean "world economy" lies in distant voyages, exotic commodities, a global network of exchanges—galleons and caravels and treasure and pirates. The drama of the coming industrial capitalism was grayer, duller: coal fuel, deeper mines, cottage industry, mechanized manufacture. (Part of the problem may be linguistic: the reading that went into the book is primarily in French, with excursions into the other romance languages and German, which Braudel knows well. He is not at home in English, and makes little use of what the French call Anglo-Saxon sources.)

Universalism, in other words, is a relative term: each country has its own, and the French map of the world, here as in most things, is distinctively French. It is true that "Anglo-Saxon" history is more riven by conflicts of method and approach. Our university systems are not centralized; our young men make their reputations by revising their elders. We are also quick to copy and emulate, and we take our inspirations where we find them—witness the Fernand Braudel Center. By contrast French scholarly life is highly centralized; appointments and research grants are decided by a handful of mandarins; and young men would be well advised to find other targets than their teachers. No national scholarly community, moreover, is so self-sufficient: non-French historical work comes in slowly; foreign work on French history even more slowly; and foreign work critical of French scholarship hardly at all. Intellectual advance is not so much built into the system, a product of competition in the market place of ideas, as the work of great men, of the *maître-penseur* who shapes the thought of a generation. When these great men are good, they are very, very good . . .

Braudel is very, very good.

David S. Landes

David S. Landes is Robert Walton Goulet Professor of French History at Harvard.

The End of French Predominance in Europe
by Stephen A. Schuker

(University of North Carolina; $18.95)

During the last few years there has been a growing awareness that the conduct of international relations is controlled more by finance ministers, central banks and multinational firms than it is by foreign ministries and professional diplomats. This of course comes as no surprise to the Marxists who have always claimed that the economic interests of financiers and industrialists in fact determine foreign policy however much politicians may use phrases about the national interest, the balance of power or about civil rights and international morality. What is new is that this view is now being adopted by many non-Marxists. The historians' view of the present affects their view of the past, and it is no longer only left-wing scholars who have been turning away from conventional diplomatic history and studying the domestic economic and social pressures in order to analyze foreign policy. Several recent books, notably Fritz Stern's *Gold and Iron*, have given a new scholarly historical account of the links between bankers and diplomatists or of the effects of international monetary policy on international relations. The result of the research has been yet another revision of stereotyped views. The

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bankers emerge as innocently pursuing their profits without any political aims, as men who work in a world of pure finance which they are reluctant to see sullied by crass political considerations.

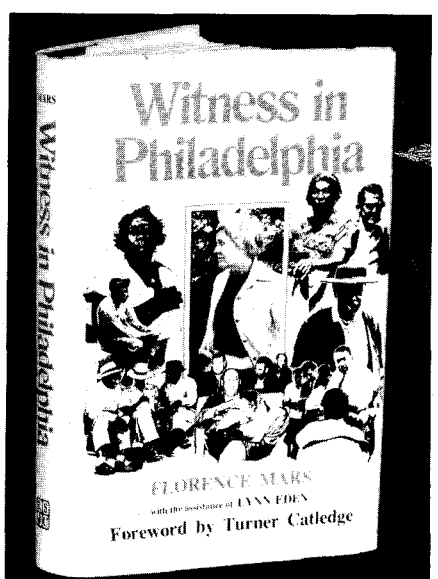
Stephen A. Schuker has written an important contribution to the continuing debate about the links between economics and politics. Although on the surface his work is limited to the analysis of French policy over little more than one year, 1923-4, this is a book which raises many general issues as well as providing a detailed analysis of one of the crucial moments of 20th century history. The end of World War I appeared to leave France the dominant country in Europe. The German military threat had been removed: the provinces of Alsace-Lorraine had been restored: the promise of vast sums in reparation from Germany seemed to provide the means of making good the damage to French productive capacity caused by the war and of enabling the French government to meet the massive debts it had incurred. Yet within five years the peace settlement which France had hoped to dictate at the Paris Conference of 1919 was already crumbling, and successive French governments were desperately looking for a new basis for French military and economic security, while, step by step, Germany was recovering the position as a European great power which her economic, demographic and industrial strength was bound sooner or later to win for her. At the same time, with the failure of Woodrow Wilson to win support for his foreign policy, the American administration seemed to be turning away from involvement in Europe, the American financiers, caught in the intricate network of inter-allied debts and needing a return to stable economic conditions, were increasingly involved in vital negotiations with European governments.

Stephen Schuker's book has therefore a double theme. It shows how the French, because of the failure to obtain the German reparations which they had hoped would solve their financial problems, became increasingly dependent on the support of American bankers. This in turn affected French policy and led to a measure of agreement with Germany in the interests of international economic stability. The second theme of the book is the role in these developments of the American banks, which demonstrated the fact that whatever other effects World War I may have had, it had left the United States in the dominant position on the world economic stage which it has maintained ever since.

This is a book which revises many widely held beliefs. It is more sympathetic than most accounts of this period to Raymond Poincaré, President of France during the war, and later as Prime Minister responsible for the fateful decision to occupy the German industrial area in the Ruhr in 1923, in the vain hope of enforcing reparations payments. But, more significantly, it attempts a rehabilitation of the international bankers, and especially J.P. Morgan and his colleagues. "The Wall Street bankers . . ." Schuker writes, "stand out as a remarkably able and far-sighted group." This view is effectively argued throughout the work, and the author has made excellent use of the private papers of a number of bankers, especially of Thomas W. Lamont, to give the other side of the story which he has reconstructed from French and an impressive range of other European archives. He gives for the early 1920s as convincing a picture of the operations of the bankers as Fritz Stern's *Gold and Iron* does for the Bismarckian period, although this book lacks the distinctive style of Fritz Stern's work. The conclusion which emerges is that the bankers were in fact very reluctant to use their power for political ends. While American liberals as represented by the editors of *The New Republic* and *The Nation* urged that, in Herbert Croly's words, "the most effective way to discourage French imperialism is to deny the French access to American money markets until [France] makes some attempt to pay the war debt and until she allows Germany a chance to recover," the directors of J.P. Morgan and Co. remained firmly opposed to such "government blackmail," as Lamont put it.

Yet whatever the intentions and the motives of the bankers may have been, the effect of their action was to mark the end of France's hopes of remaining the predominant power in Europe. Because the French government needed foreign financial help to overcome the severe financial crisis of January 1924, it was forced to accept the new approach to the problem of German reparations embodied in the plan of the committee of experts led by two other American bankers, Charles G. Dawes and Owen D. Young. The need of a change of policy towards Germany was recognized reluctantly by Poincaré and with more enthusiasm by Edouard Herriot, who came to power after a general election in the spring of 1924 in which the French public seemed to have voted decisively against Poincaré's policies and methods. Schuker has given a remarkably clear account of the intricacies of the French financial situation. Indeed it is a pity that he was not there to explain it to Herriot who "became impatient with the complex graphs and charts, and his mind soon began to wander." It may be that the confusion of our own international economic situation in the late 1970s, when the consensus of the Keynsian era has broken down and no two professional economists agree on their diagnosis, has made us more sympathetic with the flounderings of the French government in 1924; and certainly one of the many merits of Schuker's book is that he writes as a student of political economy rather than as an economist. He is, that is to say, always aware of the limitations which day-to-day politics impose on the neat systems of the pure economists.

Because this is a book which deals in depth and at several levels with the international relations of a short period,



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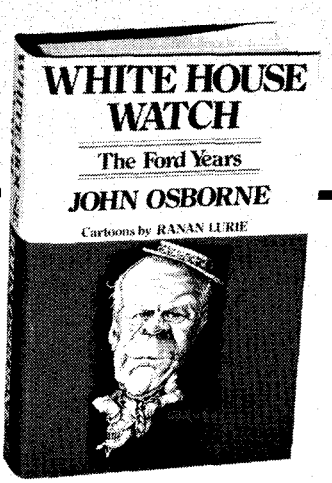

No journalist writes as perceptively about the White House as *New Republic* columnist John Osborne. Henry Kissinger calls him "the best political reporter in Washington." In his book on the Ford Administration, Osborne documents the historic transition years between Nixon and Carter—the pardon (which he condoned), Mayaguez, Ford's China trip, Woodward and Bernstein's **The Final Days** ("The worst job of nationally noted reporting that I've observed during 49 years in the business"), the Reagan challenge, and the ascendancy of Jimmy Carter.

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the author had to face serious problems of arrangement and presentation. Perhaps he has not always solved these: there are occasional repetitions and there are some loose ends: the influence of the French steel manufacturers on French policy, for example, might have been developed further. Although his sympathies with the American financial establishment are clear, his book is balanced and dispassionate—though there is an exception in his gratuitous attack on the German historian Arthur Rosenberg. He clearly admires powerful financiers and what he calls "creative central banking." These are unfashionable views among many historians today, especially in the United States, but when presented with Schuker's depth of scholarship they will force many people to think again about the relation between politics and economics. By learning from Marx that the explanation of political behavior should be sought in economic relations and economic interests, Stephen Schuker has come up with some remarkably un-Marxist conclusions.

James Joll

James Joll is Stevenson Professor of International History at the London School of Economics.

Technocracy and the American Dream by William E. Akin

(University of California; $9.50)

America by Design by David F. Noble

(Knopf; $12.95)

During the last few years historians have begun to pay more attention to the social and cultural role of American engineers. Some of this work was provoked by new interest in the character of professionalization. But the critical role of modern technology was also a stimulant. As a result the educational training, occupational identity, and political stance of engineers have received the sustained attention of scholars like Daniel Calhoun, Edwin Layton, and Monte Calvert.

In this country non-engineers have endowed engineering with tremendous power to challenge the logic of the larger social order. Generations of reformers, from the transplanted Saint-Simonians of the early 19th century through Edward Bellamy, the New Nationalists, and Thorstein Veblen, have focused on engineering as a model for more efficient organization of society and the economy. As crusaders for greater efficiency, engineers seemed the potential arbiters and architects of a new society. Veblen's manifestoes were the most cosmic; he called for a soviet of engineers to wrest control away from predatory and wasteful businessmen, and assume responsibility for running the industrial system. But even before Veblen, and running alongside him, were more muted hopes about the radical possibilities of social engineering.

Radical action, however, has had as much connection with American engineering as has religious revivalism; despite a few dissenters, the engineer's primary commitment has been to the maintenance of corporate capitalism. American engineers have long worried about their own social and economic status, but their release has come through identification and association with the owners of capital. Their executive management, indeed, has been crucial in nationalizing a society which, in many other ways, has resisted cultural rationalization.

Two new books explore aspects of this alliance between engineers and private enterprise. One, by William Akin, analyzes an aberration, the short-lived Technocracy movement. The other, by David Noble, studies a 50 year history of cooperation between business and American engineering.

Noble's is the more impressive work, an extraordinarily detailed and closely argued examination of the institutional devices that came to link management and engineering. In a series of lengthy chapters he surveys the discovery, by businessmen, of the profitability of engineering and scientific research, the creation of industrial research laboratories, the pooling and monopolization of

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scientific patents, the successful efforts to standardize instruments and measurements, and most important of all, the establishment of organizations which brought engineers, businessmen, and government officials together. There they shaped professional and collegiate education in their interests, and broadened their goals to include managing the human and social dimensions of an efficient working force. Familiar landmarks—Frederick Winslow Taylor and his scientific management proposals, the Hawthorne experiment, the agency influence of World War I—are tied to a series of other complex, hidden developments, never examined with such care and sensitivity and which, in effect, provide a persuasive context for Noble's insistence upon the grand alliance between the leaders of capital and engineering.

Noble writes from a radically critical position on Aerican capitalism; his sympathies lie with the protestors of the marriage between technology and corporate capitalism. The "survival of capitalist social relations," he insists, was ensured by the work of the corporate engineers, who "consciously undertook to structure the labor force and foster the social habits demanded by corporate capitalism." The rise of science-based industry, the growth of technical education, and the influence of professional engineers, many of whom came to manage the corporations for which they had once been simple employees, not only guaranteed the survival of capitalism but also made of modern technology "a class-bound phenomenon, the racing heart of corporate capitalism." The entry of engineers into varieties of social reform, designed to protect and promote the behavior deemed most efficient to profitable business growth, indicated how deeply their hearts, like their minds, were captured by the task of making America safe for industrial capitalism.

The names of many of the most crucial figures in this enterprise—Frank Vanderlip, Dugald Jackson, Hollis Godfrey, Henry Pritchett, Charles Mann, Frederick L. Bishop, Samuel Capen—are not familiar to the casual student of American history, and have certainly aroused less attention than their political or military contemporaries. But through service on a series of boards, commissions, committees, and surveys, they achieved high-level bureaucratic influence, which, Noble argues, brought universities, technical schools, foundations, governmental agencies, industries, and professional societies into an extraordinary degree of congruence.

This organizational substructure, in fact, provides one of the hazards of reading Noble's book. Concentration and almost total recall are necessary to remember the differences among the NICC and the NICB, and the NBER, NACT, NACS, ECPD, SATC, CEST, and the several dozen other groups. This problem relates to a larger issue, the book's failure to move far beyond the intentions, activities, and achievements of a relatively small group of influential men. The nature of their power and character of their ideology are carefully charted, but the difference all this made to the design of American life is more often assumed than described. Judging from their repeated and sometimes frantic efforts to regroup and reemphasize their goals, it might seem that many of the organizations were only partially successful.

The degree of integration attained, moreover, is difficult to measure without the provision of some standard of measurement; since no comparative frame is offered, it is hard to know how successful the corporate engineers actually were. Pegging the survival of corporate capitalism to their efforts, Noble suggests an unqualified success, but the variables which aided this survival are numerous, and would have to include subjects not touched upon here.

One serious—or seemingly serious—challenge to the business-engineering alliance was the Technocracy movement, led by a group of technicians and reformers in the '20s and early '30s. William E. Akin describes the movement, which had Progressive roots and was nourished by Thorstein Veblen's post-war seminars at the New School in New York. Curiously, however, he makes no mention of William Henry Smith, a British-born engineer and inventor who published, in the early 1920s, a series of essays promoting "Technocracy," and a supreme national council of scientists. Akin does analyze the membership of those who became involved, and carefully reconstructs the split between the more authoritarian wing led by Howard Scott, and the moderates, epitomized by Harold Loeb. Akin concludes that the rapid eclipse of Technocracy was caused by its failure to develop a theory of political action. Making no demands for mass action, the Technocrats had their thunder stolen by third party movements in the '30s, which encouraged direct political participation, and saw some of their ideas adapted by New Dealers. The attitude of the challenging technocrats, with their energy surveys and demands for economic rationality, was apolitical, although, paradoxically enough, their chief activity was propagandistic. Without clear political objectives, they were doomed to failure in the marketplace.

The shortcomings of Technocracy seem so numerous (despite the current energy crisis), and the muddleheadedness of its leadership so blatant, that Akin may be accused of taking the group a bit too seriously. He does demonstrate, however, that thousands of Americans, particularly on the west coast, found their demands for a more equitable distributive system attractive, and allied themselves with the recurring idyll of permanent prosperity. But the movement remained doomed, at best, to nuisance status, its only influence coming through the ideas passed into the hands of political activists, who often translated them out of all resemblance to the original programs. Akin's book should be read in conjunction with Noble's more fundamental work. For the failure of this movement even to contemplate a class basis of operations—Akin notes the absence of any "deep-seated class, occupational, or group identification among the technocrats"—was related to the larger history of American engineering itself. And whoever bears the historic responsibility for the design of the American system, the capacity of American engineering to provide fundamental and systematic criticism of existing arrangements, remains today unclear and unfulfilled.

Neil Harris

Neil Harris is a director of the National Humanities Institute at the University of Chicago.

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The Most Important Art: East European Film After 1945 by Mira and Antonín J. Liehm

(University of California; $23.50)

How extraordinary that a history of film in the Iron Curtain countries should get written at all! How many Western film historians have been able to see a sufficient number of East European films? And how many Eastern historians are allowed to write anywhere near what they think? And even assuming that a work like *The Most Important Art* were to come out in Prague (as, under healthier political conditions, it would have), what would be the chances of an American publisher bringing out an English translation?

By a conjunction of happy and unhappy circumstances, however, we now have this book in English. The irony is that although the Liehms, a husband-and-wife team of Czech film critics and scholars, wrote it in their native language, it may be a very long time before it sees publication in the original. Indeed, if the world continues to hurtle along its present course, there may never be a Czech, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Bulgarian, Rumanian, or even Yugoslav edition. East Germans may be luckier, for although the book would be published only in West Germany, words have been more successful than people in crossing the wall.

Fortunately, then, the Liehms, living in Czechoslovakia, where these films were more common than Western ones, and, being two persons (four eyes see more than two, as the East-and-West German adage has it), were able to see "about 90 percent of the films made after 1945 that are mentioned in the book." The Liehms' personal experiences are buttressed with extensive reading about these films, their makers, and the circumstances under which they were made, and judiciously selected excerpts from that reading are quoted or silently incorporated in the text. Unfortunately for them, the Liehms had to become exiles for this useful work to reach us in English.

The authors have performed also two helpful auxiliary tasks. They have dedicated the opening section of their book to a rapid but adequate survey of what happened from the beginnings to 1945; furthermore, they always fill in enough of the political background, directly or even indirectly connected with the situation of film, so that we can appreciate fully what could or couldn't be done in a given time and place—and also what was done, only to be severely censored, buried in vaults, destroyed, or—worst of all—rewritten and reshot, often by politically acceptable hacks, something more damaging than outright suppression.

Indeed, substantial portions of this book can be read profitably even by people who are not interested in film, for they constutute a fascinating *chronique scandaleuse* of what happens to art—any art, even one as abstract as music—under a dictatorship, Communist or otherwise. The effect of various interdicts is, of course, mostly disastrous, but it can also be heightened ingenuity in true artists, who might, for instance, evoke Nazi terror, a subject highly approved by Eastern governments, in such a way as to make perfectly clear to their audiences that the real topic is *present* atrocities.

What many readers will find particularly valuable about *The Most Important Art* (the title, by the way, comes from a statement about the movies by Lenin, who was, of course, judging them from their propagandistic potential, and would have so dubbed television 50 years later, as the authors shrewdly observe) is the synoptic quality of the work. It breaks down filmmaking into sections spanning from six to 12 years per country, so that one can evaluate the parallel progress or regression of film in the eight countries under discussion, and become aware both of curious differences and (mostly) depressing parallels in the various national cinemas. There is ample encouragement here for the cultural historian, and perhaps even the ethnographer, to speculate on why so much more contraband daring infiltrated the films of certain nationalities than those of others.

However one may evaluate these matters, it is fascinating to learn, for instance, that the Nazi occupation of Bohemia resulted in an increase of films with artistic ambitions, because the Nazis wanted a "quiet hinterland [for] the anticipated German eastward expansion," and because the shutdown of the universities in 1939 channeled many

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talented people from various fields into filmmaking. It is interesting to learn that Hungarian censorship under Horthy went so far as to forbid horses' hooves raising little clouds on the roads because "Our roads aren't dusty!" American readers will be particularly tickled to learn about the hero of the Russian film *Far From Moscow* (1950), whose supposedly real-life Stalinist hero is a model industrial organizer, so that he "became compulsory study material for Communists and youth leaders from Vladivostok to Berlin." Actually, this fellow, called Barabanov, was a notorious concentration-camp commander; in the crudely fictionalized film his name is, wonderfully appropriately, Batmanov!

We read with interest what the great Dovzhenko noted in his secret diaries, trying to get even with Stalin for not letting him make films; or how DEFA, the newly formed East German film studio, recruited its first directors from among former Nazi collaborators. It is instructive to learn how the supposedly peace-loving East Germany of 1948 cut the punchline from a film by its foremost director, Wolfgang Staudte, "I will never put on a uniform again," as being too pacifistic; it is no less fascinating to read that the eminent Russian director, Mikhail Romm, cut in 1956 the footage concerning Stalin from the two notable films about Lenin he directed in the '30s.

The Liehms explain cogently why animated and puppet films in Eastern countries often triumphed over the dogmatism that destroyed live-action pictures, and so became significant: "Production in this area is by nature craftsmanlike—work is only possible in small groups, where the responsible person is the author . . . Scripts . . are difficult for the layman to understand, and the world of dreamlike fairy-tale fantasy . . .is . . .difficult to measure by criteria that authorities at all levels are accustomed to using." They also explain a great deal of Eastern European trash in terms of "a disproportionate need to escape," and remind us that the initial difficulties of the postwar Polish film had to do with the intensity of Stalinism in Poland, which created "a lack of screenwriters capable of independent thinking."

Although few things in the book are as unnerving and compelling as, for example, the tragicomic account of how Khrushchev's asinine incomprehension truncated and disfigured a film like Khutsiev's *I'm Twenty*, it must not be assumed that the Liehms' main emphasis is on politics rather than esthetics. Not at all; their thrust is toward necessarily brief, but generally evocative, accounts of the nature of individual films as they came out year after year, crippling difficulties notwithstanding, with particular attention devoted to the development of the more important directors. To be sure, a book that is only 467 pages long, which includes one illustration per almost every page, has to make compromises. Even the films the Liehms consider most impressive receive laconic treatment; and films are discussed mostly in terms of their directors, with scriptwriters mentioned considerably less often, cameramen relatively infrequently, and actors virtually never. I doubt if set designers or composers are mentioned more than once or twice. This is perhaps inevitable under the circumstances, but it leaves a great deal unsaid about an art that may be the most important, but is certainly the most collaborative.

To what extent should a film historian also be a critic? In a work as concise as this, the authors advisedly keep esthetic judgments to a minimum. But they are right not to refrain from making them altogether, even if I find myself often disagreeing with what I consider their chronic tendency to overestimate—for instance, in their great admiration for such film-makers as Věra Chytilová, whom I find flashy and trendy; Miloš Forman, whom I consider coarse-grained; Jakubisko and Paradzhanov, whose folksiness strikes me as, respectively, formless and simplistic. Above all, I would never take seriously, as they do, the clumsy ravings of a Walerian Borowczyk.

Yet this in unimportant, considering the profusion of information the book offers—in a level of discourse that is always civilized, even if very seldom extraordinary. Sometimes (though not often) the Liehms are downright fuzzy, as when we read that the post-Ford-and Kawalerowicz generation of Polish directors were "products of a new social situation in which the authority of the massed, the authority of the individual—above all of the creative individual—and the authority of truth began to grow." This strikes me as partly obvious and partly self-contradictory. Or they will talk about "the poetic lyricism of Čáp and Krška"—as if there were such a thing as unpoetic lyricism. Similarly, they write about "the sharply contrasting darks and lights of the Bulgarian landscape," as if there were any national landscape to which this could not apply.

Sometimes, confronted with the many foreign languages, the authors mistranslate a film title: thus the Hungarian *Meddig él az ember?* means "How Long Does man *Live*" not "Matter," and Tizezer nap is "A Thousand Days" not "Suns"; the Russian *Tridsat tretiy* is "The Thirty-Third" not "The Thirty-Three"; the German *Einmal ist keinmal* does not mean "Once Is More Then Once" but its opposite: and though the Serbo-Croat *Hranjenik* would mean something like "Nourishee" in English, there is no such word. Here the problem of the Liehms' translator comes in: Káča Polâchková-Henley has done a pretty miserable job of Englishing the work. From crude errors like "Zola-type naturalism," "disinterest" for lack of interest, "unperfect" and "irreality," we go to such elaborate illiteracies and barbarisms as "a land to which the war had wrought havoc," "the only country where it was shown was in France," "Brynych tried somewhat to stay on this ground," "in every conceivable genres," and many, many more. At times the culprit may be the sloppy type-setting and copy-editing that plagues many University of California books—as when we read "heros," or when the first Bulgarian sound film is said to date from 1914. On the other hand, the authors are to be congratulated on their conscientious effort to spell the many foreign names and titles correctly, and achieving reasonable success despite sabotage from their translator and publisher.

To end on a happier note: Mira and Antonín Liehm do not fall into that emigre trap of blindness toward the virtues of those who collaborate with the doctrines of governments that caused the Liehms' exile. Thus they are

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eminently fair to the films of such an orthodox Stalinist as Friedrich Ermler (even if they misspell his first name as "Fridrich"), and they do not hide the fact that in East European film schools the teachers are "the most experienced directors of the older generation, a luxury . . . that no film school in the West could afford." They have written a book that is more informed, inclusive, reliable, and readable than its one or two predecessors, and that whets the appetite for many of the films they discuss. May it pave the way to greater respect for the East European cinema; may it even (if such a thing is possible) soften the hearts of the Eastern authorities into letting us—and their own peoples—see these films as their authors made them.

John Simon

John Simon is a contributing editor to *New York Magazine*.

Brief Reviews

Où Est Le Garlic by Len Deighton

(Harper & Row; $6.95)

French cooking, like French grammar, is terribly logical, but unlike grammar is hardly ever presented to foreigners in the old fashioned manner of category and declension. The charts for the six types of French sauces in *Où Est Le Garlic,* however, with all their permutations and variations, read like a genealogy table. And each illustrated recipe ("cookstrip") while standing on its own as a, say, *fricassée* of chicken, is the base for a category of the cuisine—*fricassé* of lamb and veal and all the *blanquettes,* in this case, as well as the French version of curried chicken.

Teaching a cuisine is an uncommon object for compilers whose goal is rather to cram as many precisely measured sauces for steamed broccoli into as few pages as possible. Len Deighton, who measures in half eggshells (actually makes more sense, since it is the relative proportions that matter in an omelette or souffle and eggs cannot help coming in different sizes), and explains, for those interested in such things, *why* the cake sinks when one opens the oven door too soon, insists on the simplicity of the structure of French cookery without neglecting the most elegant variations.

The Complete Country Housewife

(Longship Press; $8.95)

While the breeding and management of fowls, the fattening of hogs, the making of hogs puddings and the brewing of ale may have interest limited to those collecting evidence that the 18th century housewife was a position of no mean responsibility, or those calculating the size of a common household (one recipe, for a sweet pudding, takes two pounds of currants, three of bread crumbs, four of beef suet and the yolks of 20 eggs), this reprint of *The Farmer's Wife* from the 1770 edition is more than a curiosity. A "fine sausage" of the sage and pork variety can be made practically, if one cuts back somewhat on the amounts. Among the directions for the making of wines and spirits is an excellent orange brandy. The more ambitious may want to try to follow instructions for farmer's cheese, or "common cheese" as it is called in this book, though the mysteries of such phrases as two gallons of "morning milk" and "the same heat as when it comes from the cow" have so far deterred me. But there is a wonderful catsup which, unlike the sweet, thick stuff Americans pour on everything from scrambled eggs to steak, might really do something for a hamburger.

The Joy of Eating by Katie Stewart

(Stemmer House; $14.95)

The '40s flicks that showed fat medieval lords tearing at what appears to be a whole shoulder of beef are more illustration of our bad taste than theirs, since, as Katie Stewart sensibly observes, if one ate with one's fingers the meat would be cut into very small pieces, and so it was in the 14th century. This method was favored by the Romans, too, who were very classy and ate reclining on couches and propped up with one elbow.

There are always rules and ritual for the preparation and eating of food, and as Stewart's tour of eating, her reproductions of sculpture and painting and the photographs of Greek and Roman crockery, indicate, the years have not made men more sophisticated. We may balk at the four inch slabs of four day old bread, trenchers, used as plates in the 15th century, but what would the lords say to McDonald's milk-free shakes? Easterners have always been above the gross materialism of the West. Persians began each meal with salt, which was supposed to increase intellect and discernment (which sheds light on the Jewish custom of sprinkling salt on bread at the start of each meal), and stopped, like the Chinese, before the appetite was fully satisfied.

If there are any doubts left about the quality of past cookery, the selection of recipes will dispell them. Stewart supplies a recipe for an excellent nut, honey and sesame seed cake from Ancient Greece, not too sweet, and simple in the making. But the most unusual to our palates are the subtle spices of the medieval cooks, who flavored pork with coriander, caraway seeds, garlic and red wine, or better still, stuffed a fowl with grapes, pork, ginger, cinammon, cloves and saffron.

How to Take Charge of Your Life by Mildred Newman & Bernard Berkowitz

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $5.95)

Mildred Newman and Bernard Berkowitz have already written *How to be Your Own Best Friend,* not a manual for canines, and this book isn't a con for a trip to the Bahamas or a system for developing an ecologically sound environment. If the sun doesn't shine on your life, a little internal reorganization will do the trick. The Great Pastime is harmless self-analysis. What's your favorite color? Don't be afraid to think about yourself, don't try to decide if you're a good person or a bad one. Just get a good bottle of wine and a coloring book.

What are you sure you have except

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yourself? And what can you improve by yourself except yourself? "After all," Newman and Berkowitz write, *"you are the most important creative activity of your life."* There it is: you are really an interesting person, and since no one is around to listen anyway, go ahead. Pick a color. And go after it. Now.

Roberta Tovey

The Back of the Book

Hello Central, Give Me Heaven

On March 10, 1876 Alexander Graham Bell sat down to work in his attic laboratory on Court Street in Boston, spilled sulphuric acid in his lap, and called his assistant through a primitive transmitter: "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you." If Thomas Watson hadn't heard that first sentence ever sent over a telephone, Bell would have suffered minor burns and we would not have suffered: Campaign Communications, a New York company that plans to send junk mail over the phone; telephone boutiques now selling the Adam and Eve, the Lido, the Chromefone, and the Blue Cloisonne; and the Chutzpah Phone Service, a firm in Philadelphia which for $5 will call anybody to say anything the customer hasn't the nerve to.

These little ingenuities are just some of what appears to be an infinite number of gadgets and brainstorms such as dial-a-joke and dial-a-prayer which are expanding an industry already grown from six commercial phones in America in 1877 to 145 million in 1976. Between 1950 and 1975 over two and a third trillion calls were made in this country. Keep it up, and we may evolve into creatures with phones attached to our ears and mouths so as to appear to have heads with handles.

Telephone apologists argue that the phone is the quintessential American invention and so deserves all the growth it can take. It can do what the car can do—faster. It can do what the A-Bomb can do, either bit by bit through destructive voices or in a single shot as Charles Bronson proved in *The Mechanic* when he wired explosives to a receiver. And the phone is absolutely democratic. If you don't see the person you're talking to, you can't discriminate against him; and even a cat can hang up on a king.

As for preserving the element of emotion, there's a case to be made for *only* using the phone to express one's feelings, since our modulations of tone can actually intensify emotions in the effort to conceal them. Luise Rainer won an Oscar for not weeping when William Powell called in *The Great Ziegfeld*; Rock Hudson gave class to heavy breathers by making Doris Day wriggle in *Pillow Talk*; and Judy Holliday got so wrapped up in the people on her answering service in *Bells Are Ringing* that she finally begged to go back to where there was just hello/goodbye, at the Bonjour Tristesse Brassiere Company.

Phones are also good for conveying hate and fear, as any coward discovers who has threatened someone anonymously. And they make first rate instruments of suspense. No "Mr. Big" on radio or in the movies would have survived without a phone; no victim worth his salt would have died without a receiver in hand, having just told the detective, "the one who shot me was . . . "; if the governor had phoned in time Susan Hayward would not have gotten the gas chamber. In *Dial M for Murder*, *Sorry Wrong Number*, and *I Saw What You Did* the phone is a weapon, as it is in our milder lives when a *BRNNG* in the middle of the night or a thought forces us to adjust, alarmed, to someone else's business.

(There is no truth, by the way, to the story that Mary Baker Eddy was buried with a phone in her crypt.)

With all its capabilities this instrument is still ridiculously inadequate for the purposes to which it is put, which in fact may not be the purposes originally intended. Nobody knows if Bell foresaw the Blue Cloisonne, but his first message, used as it was for an emergency demanding an instant response, suggests that his designs were elegantly

Behind the Wall of Respect

— behind the wall on Chicago's South Side that was brilliantly painted with portraits and scenes representing black pride, were conducted the dealing, the shooting up, the nodding, the hustling, and the violence that are the heroin addict's way of life.

In **BEHIND THE WALL OF RESPECT,** Patrick H. Hughes, M.D., reports on a drug control project in this area that he and a team of colleagues launched in 1968—a unique community-based program designed to alter and eventually eradicate the heroin subculture.

In an imaginative approach to addiction—treating it as if it were a communicable disease—Dr. Hughes and his team worked with ex-addicts and with militant community leaders to reach those who were spreading the use of heroin and those who did not voluntarily seek treatment. They had outstanding success in the Altgeld Gardens program which converted an "epidemic" neighborhood into a community relatively free of heroin addicts.

The methods described here, of early detection and prompt treatment, deserve study by all concerned with the now worldwide spread of heroin use. Dr. Hughes now works on drug abuse treatment with the World Health Organization. His account of his pioneering efforts in Chicago provides, in the words of Daniel X. Freedman, "an adventure linking science, hope, and humanism, that is relevant across the span of contemporary organized health activities and 'systems'."

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simpler. That taut, explicit "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you" may be the best thing ever said over a phone. "Mr. Watson"—no question as to whom; "come here"—no false courtesies; "I want you"—no pretense of need.

Compare such a message to the long philosophical discourses, the languid confessions, the political and sexual intrigues, the psychoanalytical probings, the big business deals, the conniving, the mooning, the God-knows-what else that now occupy Bell's amazing machine. The nation is strung together like the teenagers in *Bye-Bye Birdie*—gossips hunch forward, tycoons sway back—all perpetually attached to this ideal toy of the late Romanticism that requires no forethought, no style; just pick it up and jabber.

If the phone had been invented 100 years before it was, would Edmund Burke have been tempted to place a phone call to a noble lord; would the Earl of Chesterfield have rung up his son; would Hector St. John de Crevècoeur have used the overseas operator to convey his *Letters from an American Farmer*? If the uses of the phone continue to expand will we look forward to the *Collected Phone Calls of Saul Bellow*, or to a folklore in which the repairman always rings twice?

Like so many other inventions, the phone hasn't messed up our lives because of what it has given, but because of what it has taken away: the deliberation, the organization of ideas and feelings, the precision and clarity which used to be displayed in letters, and which will probably never return. Bell himself showed such qualities when he wrote down carefully, thoughtfully the specifications for his patent; otherwise he would have spent his life in litigation instead of perfecting a device to the point where it could grow forever.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence, *from page 7*

people, whose personal opinions are almost never sought out? Over the last quarter century in China few leaders' careers have risen or fallen on their "popularity" quotient. More to the point are the black/white, love/hate attitudes long foisted upon the populace by Mao and his defenders, rivals and successors in their interminable jockeying for prominence. Although Leys falls in with the new line that Chiang Ch'ing was long hated by the people (he stops at the equally new line that she was also resented by Mao, whom Leys rightly sees as her animus), notice of her "hatred" by the masses is no more long-standing than celebration of "love" of Hua by "all the people and all the nationalities." Both mythologies of mass emotion were born of his coup of last October and the propaganda campaigns that followed.

3. That Chiang Ch'ing and her group, the Gang of Four, persecuted various famous people, including Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, thus hastening their deaths. Certainly Chiang Ch'ing and Mao and the innumerable people working for them persecuted, for "revolutionary" reasons, hundreds of thousands if not millions of writers, artists, scientists and intellectuals generally, driving many to creative, if not also biological death. Yet this historic reality, however poorly remembered or glossed over, exists prior to Chinese habits of historical thinking: that is, to successive official explanations of who persecuted whom to death, the tormentors' names always changed to the advantage of the new rulers. Keeping up with Hua Kuo-feng's political fashion, Leys mocks my publishing Chiang Ch'ing's explanation (because she gave it, not because I believed or disbelieved it) of how Lu Hsun's widow perished from persecution of his enemies from the 1930s. Although Leys ignores the current accusation that Chiang Ch'ing "nagged" Mao to death, he falls for Hua's charge that her group hated Chou, harrassed him for years and shortened his life (the period before 1974 lacks even allusive evidence of Chiang Ch'ing's campaign against Chou who, like Hua himself, used to be on the side of the Cultural Revolutionaries). Had my book not been "rushed to print," Leys argues, I could have updated the charges regarding Lu Hsun's widow and pointed the finger at her more likely tormentor, Chiang Ch'ing. Following Leys' line of argument, I might also have delayed the book's publication until Hua was overthrown and *his* successors had accused him of driving his predecessor's widow to an early grave.

A reviewer who indulged his pleasures less in prejudice and polemic would have picked up more points of my story of Chinese life at the top.

Roxane Witke
State University of New York
Binghamton

TRB, *from page 2*

Helmses can beat Carter on Panama—even when it could drag the United States into a new guerilla war—Carter almost certainly will fail to get two-thirds support in the Senate for a strategic arms treaty. A defeat on Panama would encourage other lobbies—Rhodesian, Taiwanese, Korean or Middle Eastern—to chop at Carter's designs on them.

In confronting his opponents over Panama, Carter suffers from a self-imposed weakness. His new foreign policy embodies all manner of virtues that make Americans feel good, but Carter has not made it clear how they also will be good for America's realistic, self-interested terms. As Machiavelli noted, a prince must take great care to seem to be all mercy, faith, integrity, humanity and religion. At the same time, his people have to have confidence he is not naive. If a President of the United States is going to seem to play Daniel in the lion's den, his people want some confidence that he knows how to fight lions if he has to.

So far, Carter has attempted to establish confidence only by talking about it. Perhaps, in the absence of a crisis, there is no other way for him to go about it. He makes valid enough points—thrilling ones, if you think about them: "Democracy's recent successes—in India, Portugal, Spain, Greece—show that our confidence in this system is not misplaced," he said at Notre Dame. He cited Vietnam as an example of America's failure to act self-confidently; we were so scared of the adversary, he said, that we adopted his methods. We were not true to ourselves, and we lost. Carter maintains that, "Through failure, we have now found our way back to our own principles and values, and we have regained our lost confidence."

It is a nice try, but usually losing a war does not inspire people to self-confidence. Winning wars does, and we did not win in Vietnam. That partly accounts for the nervousness of Carter's followers. They do not like to see their leader giving up territory or seeming to retreat. It may be in their own long-term best interest that he do so. But if it is, they want to have confidence their prince has a strategy for what he is doing, and has the craftiness and strength to bring it to fruition.

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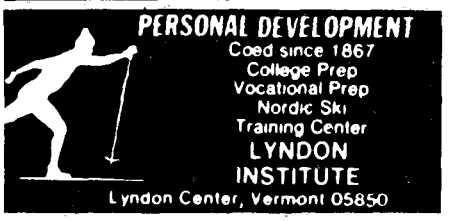

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Washington Diarist

Senior American Official

Apparently the Panama Canal treaty requires the approval of three parties: the sovereign governments of the United States and Panama, and Henry Kissinger. So one gathers from the weighty treatment (top story on page one of the *Times*) given to Kissinger's declaration of "qualified" support for the agreement negotiated by President Carter's representatives. Kissinger's "unconditional" backing awaits personal briefings from the negotiators and the Joint Chiefs to reassure him that American security is being protected. Meanwhile the news photos show Henry at the White House, laughing as President Carter smiles nervously. Kissinger's been laughing at us for years, with better reason lately than ever. He's got the whole country conned, or at least the news media. The background reports of what Kissinger is thinking about this or that issue are almost as frequent as when he was in office—and even more breathless. Kissinger had eight years to get us a new Panama Canal treaty, and didn't. He also didn't bring us a successful conclusion in Vietnam (even by his own limited definition), peace in the Middle East or justice in southern Africa. Who cares what Kissinger thinks about the Panama Canal, or any other subject? I don't want to hear another word about Henry Kissinger.

Speaking of Kissinger, his favorite technique for engaging the press in conspiracy of mutual self-aggrandizement—the background briefing by a "senior American official"—now has gotten the State Department into a ludicrous legal hassle. The Department used to keep transcripts of these sessions. Morton Halperin, formerly a Kissinger aide and lately a free-lance national-security troublemaker, cleverly filed a Freedom of Information Act request for one of these transcripts, which the Department had stamped "confidential" even though it consisted of remarks made to 40 reporters and published around the world. The Department refused to supply the transcript, and Halperin sued. Now Judge Carl McGowan of the DC circuit has said the State Department's lawyers should have an opportunity to prove that releasing the transcript will "damage the national security" by revealing (gasp!) that the senior American official who gave the briefing was, in fact, Henry Kissinger. I wish them luck, since Judge McGowan's own published decision apparently contained the very information he is permitting them to prove should be kept secret. The newspapers say that Halperin's brilliant prank threatens the whole insidious "backgrounder" tradition in Washington. Perhaps so, but not in the way they think. If the diplomatic reporters who followed Kissinger around ever had wished to reveal that he was the source of their daily wisdom, they didn't need the Freedom of Information Act to do so. The sanction that prevented them was not the law but rather the desire to be invited back for more. The danger is not that reporters will assert the Freedom of Information Act in order to publish what they have seen with their own eyes. Rather, it is that if newspapers continue to practice this ridiculous deception on their readers (and if the government source is stupid enough to keep a transcript), the readers will have a way to find out what the government and the press are conspiring to keep from them.

This week's prize for the biggest waste of time and money by a committee of distinguished citizens goes to the allegedly "long-awaited" report of a panel commissioned by the College Board and the Educational Testing Service to explain the decline in college entrance exam scores during recent years. For $600,000 these worthies concluded, as summarized by the *Post*, that the decline could be blamed on "television, watered-down school standards, the increased number of blacks and women now taking the tests," along with Vietnam, urban crises, Watergate, etc., all of which the panel itself summarized as "a decade of distraction." Long-term weather patterns, inflation and the crisis of self-definition in the American novel apparently have not affected SAT scores, but precious little else has not. The panel warns sagely that it would be "deceptive" to blame the lower average scores on an increased number of low scores: "The cause lies rather in whatever the reasons may be for this lower scoring." Hmmm. The really annoying thing about this study is that the $600,000 came from the high fees charged to students who are forced to take these exams and then are forced to pay for studies to explain why the exams aren't working right. Another cute hustle by ETS, the nation's most powerful unregulated monopoly.

The press is treating itself to an orgy of public breastbeating over its treatment of the "Son of Sam" affair, under the fashionable delusion that the general readership is fascinated by the press and its problems—technical, moral and financial. Has the lavish and lurid coverage denied David Berkowitz the opportunity of a fair trial? I wonder if any of those posing this question have serious doubts about whether Berkowitz is guilty of the crimes. If not, they surely would like to see him convicted, in which case a "fair trial" would have been of little comfort to him. It is a typical foible of the lawyerthink that smothers our public life to become more obsessed with process, the less the result seems in doubt. If Berkowitz is being denied anything, it is his constitutional right to an *unfair* trial: a trial in which a skillful defense attorney takes full advantage of the rules of evidence and procedure to mislead a jury unfamiliar with the facts and gets his client off. Now don't get me wrong. Berkowitz is entitled to a trial as unfair as he possibly can afford. Depending on what he gets for his memoirs, I recommend Edward Bennett Williams. But the papers also are entitled to fly high on a good old-fashioned juicy story. As long as what they're printing is true, they shouldn't have to worry excessively about the potential effect on the delicate minuet the lawyers choose to dance in the courtroom.

Richard Viguerie, the reactionary mass mailing genius, already is hard at it on the Panama Canal issue. I predict he won't get very far, and the new treaty will be approved without too much difficulty. We hear a lot about the great wave of conservatism that is supposed to be sweeping this country, and judging from my own limited circle of acquaintances it's not a fantasy. But these conversions seem to be based more on selfishness and a failure of empathy than on a rediscovery of noble conservative ideals. I doubt the recent converts will rise to the defense of a reactionary totem like the Panama Canal.

M. E. K.

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by GERARDO JOFFE, founder and president of Haverhill's and Henniker's, two of America's most unique and most successful mail-order businesses.

Have you ever been as intrigued as I by the many "get rich quick" books you have seen advertised lately? Books that tell you how you can make the big buck if you are lazy, how you can become a millionaire by being not too bright and how you can **really** clean up if you have a tendency for "legitimate larceny." You are almost led to believe that chances for success are enhanced if you are gifted with any two or three of these "qualities." Usually such books are based on "a secret formula I discovered, which I want to share with my fellow man."

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If you think about it a minute you will agree that such "wealth phantasies" have to be so much claptrap. Common sense and observation have shown you that you can't pay the rent and buy groceries by being lazy and dumb, let alone lay your hands on all those yachts, condominiums and custom-made Italian sports cars you read about. A little larceny might take you part of the way. But it isn't a whole lot of fun and chances are that you will end up in the hoosegow sooner or later. No — the "formula" to get rich is to work hard and to acquire an expert's know-how in a field that has potential for large earnings and for large capital formation.

I cannot give you a "secret formula," but I have written a very factual and comprehensive book that teaches you in complete detail how to build a very successful mail-order business. But I teach you much more. I show you how to structure this business so that you can **sell it for not less than one million dollars** to a major company, listed on the Big Board or on the American Stock Exchange. It should take you about five years to get there. You will make lots of money and live very well, have more fun than you ever thought possible (also, perhaps a headache or two!) and you will have an enormous sense of accomplishment. But I have to tell you now: you will have to work awfully hard and employ all the smarts you can muster. After that, if you are so inclined, you can go the yacht, condominium, Italian sports cars, etc. route. And you can do it with a vengeance!

I have done it twice — that's why I can teach you.

What qualifies me to teach you how to do these things? Good question! I am by profession and training a mining engineer, which is poor preparation for what I am doing now so successfully. I worked in the mines until I was almost forty years old. Then I had enough. I knocked around for a few years doing this and that, and then I latched on, by sheer luck and coincidence, to the mail-order business. Nobody taught me, nobody held my hand. I learned as I went along. It took me five years to build my first business, Haverhill's, into a national institution — with sales and earnings so attractive, that some of our largest corporations offered to buy it from me. I eventually sold it to Time Inc., the country's largest publisher for stock that is now worth over $1.5 million (oh yes, the whole deal was tax-free, of course!).

This was no fluke! Having developed methods to do these things, I started another, almost identical business: Henniker's. It's now about three years old. I am right on target, at the same stage as I was with Haverhill's at that time. The buying nibbles are beginning to come in, but I can't consider them yet, because the time is not right, the fruit is not ripe. Give me another two years and I shall sell Henniker's to a listed company for at least $1 million – but I might hold out for more!

My book will show you how to get in on the marketing wave of the future.

Do these things happen often? Yes, pretty much all the time. I have at least twenty friends in this business (and there are many more) who have done exactly what I did, namely built a mail-order business from scratch and then sold it for a very large amount of money. I tell you about them in my book. In fact, I am considered somewhat of a piker. Most of my colleagues have sold their businesses for $5 million, $10 million or more.

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And you will learn how to make the "big score"!

But all of the preceding is really only part of the story, not quite what the book is all about. The last chapter is the most important and the real purpose of the book. It teaches you the techniques of how to **sell this business that you have created for at least $1 million.**

And while my book is about how to build a mail order business from scratch and then to sell it for a fortune, the principles apply of course to any other business as well.

I have no illusion that everybody who buys this book will be able to emulate me and those many of my colleagues who have done as well or better than I. Many people buy diet books and don't lose a pound. You have to do your share. But if you have that fire burning in you, that overwhelming desire to be a great success, if you are pretty smart and not at all lazy, **I think I can help you become very rich.**

I told you that I started all this when I was forty years old. I am now past 50 and I am having a ball. But wouldn't it have been even more wonderful if I had done all of this earlier in life? Chances are that you are younger than I was when I got going. My advice to you is: Don't wait, do it now — you may be a very rich man in just a few years from now. **You'll** have to roll up your sleeves and do the work, but my book will show you how. You may be doing yourself a very big favor in taking this step. **In fact I think it may change your life!**

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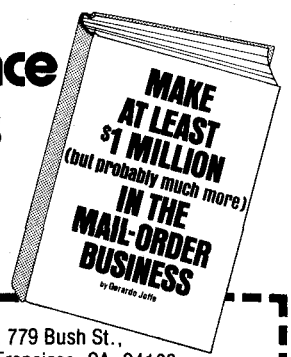

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